THE BYSTANDER
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WYNDHAM LEWIS and ETHEL MANNIN *IN THIS NUMBER*

# The BYSTANDER

1/-

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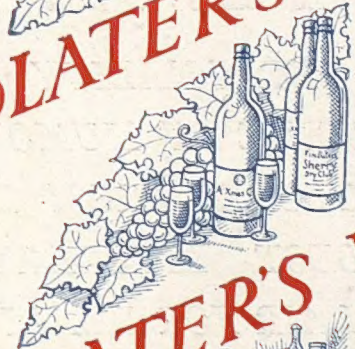
FINDLATER'S SHERRY

FINDLATER'S WHISKY



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The Bystander, January 30, 1929 No. 1311. Vol. CI.

# The BYSTANDER

Cigarini

## MISS URSULA JEANS

*A recent photograph of the popular young actress who scored so big a personal success in "The Play's the Thing" when it was at the St. James's Theatre. She will shortly be seen in another leading part in the West End*

*Lenare*

*Miss Tanis Guinness, who will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Zita Jungman. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness*

# D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*writes on*

## *GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY*

## No. 2. Boadicea

*Perpetrations by NORMAN KAY*

"DON'T call me Boadicea," said this popular and energetic Queen to a favoured dinner-guest one evening in A.D.50, "call me Boudicca."

"Why not just 'Baby'?" suggested the favoured guest with ready wit. The reply elicited much amusement from all who were privileged to be present, and the King himself, looking bronzed and fit, was observed to laugh heartily, for the Queen's name really *was* Boudicca, though everyone called her Boadicea for short. But just as the guest—a Mr. O. Ridgeway Putnick—was thinking out yet another *riposte* the Queen called her daughters to her, and, embracing them lavishly, said, with sudden emotion, in a rich, vibrant contralto:

"Call me by the sweetest, tenderest, and most beautiful name in the world—call me Mother!"

"'*Don't call me Boadicea, call me Boudicca*'"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Ridgeway Putnick rather awkwardly, not knowing how to laugh this one off. In a way this was the correct attitude, for as wife and mother alike Queen Boadicea earned very high praise. "I am, *above all*," she was wont to say, "a British Matron."

There was no answer to that except "Oh!" or "Splendid!" and, indeed, most of her acquaintances were rendered rather warm and confused by it the first few times. The Queen came to be known on this account as "The Lady with the Lamp."

The biographer of Boadicea is faced with difficulties here and there. Her husband, King of the Iceni, was named, for some reason, Prasutagus. Little is known of his career, though one or two good stories are told of his ready sympathy and tact. The Roman invasion of Britain was a source of much annoyance to him, and he would often say rather irritably to his friends: "We ought to be free." When the Roman general Publius Horatius Mendax called officially at the palace he was very coolly received indeed.

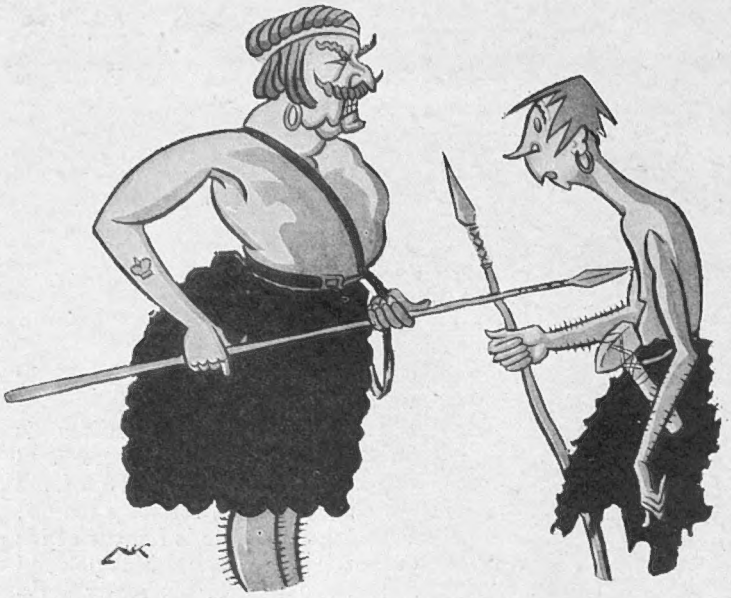
"Look here, sir," said Prasutagus, mumbling and stroking his long moustache (he had very mild yet frank blue eyes), "look here, sir, we ought to be free—know what I mean?"

"How do you mean, free?" said the brave old general, firing up.

"Well," said the King, slightly confused, "*you* know. Free, sort of. You big cheese," he added under his breath as the Roman rose and strode angrily out. From this moment King Prasutagus, henceforth known as "The Boy Firebrand," was a sworn foe to the Roman eagles. The Queen, better known about this time as "Carmen Sylva," continued to be a wife and mother for some time, going in also for lecture-tours to some extent, as they often do now. Her book of memoirs, "My Emotional Self," was

"*When the Roman general Publius Horatius Mendax called at the palace he was very coolly received indeed*"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)



*"'You,' said the sergeant-major harshly, 'how's your little boy? D'yer hear?'"*

very favourably reviewed. In the year A.D.55 her unfailing charm was demonstrated during a review of the troops in the palace park. While passing down the lines she stopped opposite a rather dull soldier and said with a delightful smile:

"And how is your little boy?"

The soldier gazed stupidly at the gracious figure before him.

"You," said the sergeant-major harshly, "how's your little boy? D'yer hear? Speak up. You in the rear rank."

The soldier shook his head dumbly.

"Perhaps," said Queen Boadicea, "he hasn't got a little boy." Her eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"You," said the sergeant-major, viciously prodding the soldier with his spear, "how's your little boy? D'you 'EAR?"

"I haven't got a little boy," said the soldier hoarsely.

"He hasn't got a little boy," said a sergeant, saluting.

"Did he say he hasn't got a little boy?" asked the Queen.

"Yes, Ma'am," said the sergeant-major, very gruffly; "he says he hasn't got a little boy."

*Mr. O. Ridgeway Putnick*

"You haven't got a little boy?" said the Queen to the soldier.

"No, Mum," said the soldier, "I haven't got a little boy."

"Then," said the Queen graciously, "see that he has one by to-morrow morning."

That evening, as it happened, this very soldier was led out to be executed for some military offence or other. The Queen, passing through the courtyard, inquired what was taking place.

"It is a soldier being executed, Ma'am," reported her Aide.

"I see," said the Queen with a charming smile. "I hope," she added, "the men have received their little home comforts, and have plenty of writing paper supplied them."

On being assured that this was so Boadicea passed on. A year or so later she was fighting the Romans, and won several engagements. "I could not do so and feel my best," she said to an interviewer, "but for the refreshing and revitalising properties of Plonk's Extract, applied gently every night before retiring. It is like a caress on the cheek."

In A.D.60, unfortunately, she was taken prisoner by the Roman commander Paulinus Suetonius, to the sincere chagrin of her many friends. "It is a shame," declared a Mrs. Rigby Deedles. "She will be very much missed," added Mrs. Rigby Deedles, "and we simply can't think how it all came about."

To her enemy and conqueror Boadicea was as chilly as is consistent with good breeding, although she more than once had to complain that Paulinus, when passing her apartment, craned his neck at her.

*"'We can hardly believe it,' declared Mrs. Rigby Deedles"*

"Do not crane your neck at me, please," she said curtly one evening.

The Roman general, taken aback, stammered some vague apology.

"I was only half-craning my neck," he explained.

"You are hardly the kind of person," said Boadicea icily, "I should *in any circumstances* care to be craned at by."

"Is that right—'at by'?" asked Paulinus dubiously.

This the Queen ignored.

"And you snickered," she said with flaming eyes. "I will not be snickered at by you, you licentious old Latin military neck-craner."

It would be tedious to report the hot discussion which sprang up and continued after this. The words "neck" and "snicker" must have occurred about 500 times. Suffice it to say that in A.D.61 Boadicea died, and is believed to have taken poison. "We can hardly believe it," declared Mrs. Rigby Deedles to an interviewer.

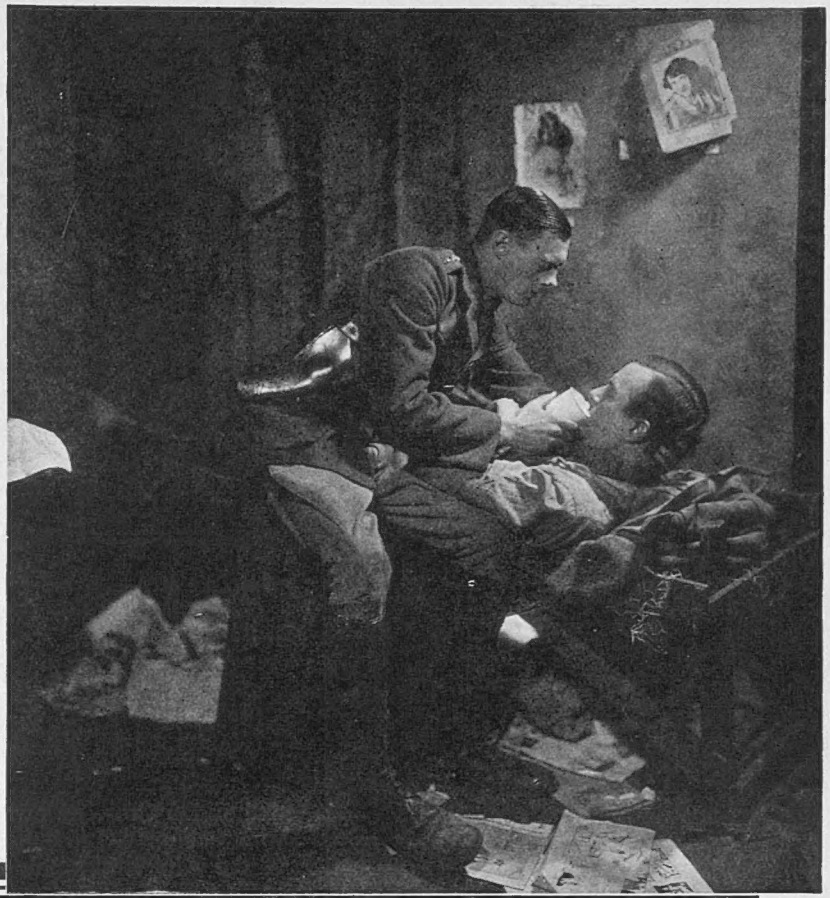
D. B. W. L.

## NEXT WEEK: THE DOLLY SISTERS

***The Editor does not hold himself responsible for Mr. Wyndham Lewis's strict adherence to programme, but it is reasonably certain that there will be some Girl Who Has Made History next week***

# A REAL WAR PLAY on the STAGE

*"Journey's End," at the Savoy Theatre, brings to the stage a true picture of war—but not only its horror, for though the play grips it has many amusing moments*



*On the right is shown almost the end of the play when Captain Stanhope (Colin Clive) is tending Second Lieut. Raleigh (Maurice Evans), mortally wounded*

*Below is Captain Stanhope, talking to Second Lieut. Trotter (Melville Cooper), a middle-aged soldier, risen from the ranks, with no imagination. On the right of the table, is Second Lieut. Hibbert (Robert Speaight), almost overcome with a fear he cannot conquer*

*Photographs* *Stage Photo Co.*

*The Duke of Norfolk and Lady Rachel Howard out with the Cowdray at the recent meet of this Hunt near Arundel. The Duke has now joined the Blues*



*Princess Mary at a meet of the Bramham Moor. Recently when out with the Hunt H.R.H. was thrown, but is now again in the saddle*

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***The King's Convalescence***

SEVERAL houses on the South Coast, I understand, were considered for the King's convalescence, but Craigweil House, near Bognor, answered all the requirements in a double degree. First, it is absolutely secluded, and, secondly, might have been specially built for convalescence after such an illness as the King has gone through. Every bedroom has sun, and, in addition, there are glassed-in balconies. Sir Arthur Du Cros, its owner, who has placed the house at the King's disposal, has spent a large sum of money in making it absolutely the only private house of its kind in the country.

***Royal Owner-drivers***

ALL three of our unmarried Princes—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George—drive their own cars when sufficient privacy gives them the opportunity; but for the Prince of Wales that is seldom. The Duke of Gloucester, however, frequently drives to and from London when he is hunting. I saw him driving back to Town the other day in a large four-seater covered car. He was hatless, though it was one of the coldest days of the snow spell.

***Energy***

AS a matter of fact I was returning from the same place as the Duke—Melton Mowbray, where he had been spending a most energetic evening at the Melton Hunt Ball. You certainly need to be in the best of training for five hours' dancing, hock cup, supper, champagne, and early morning eggs and bacon, without which no hunt ball ever considers itself complete—or replete. The Duke danced first with his hostess of the evening, Mrs. Howard Kerr, and later with the beautiful Lady Nunburnholme. Unlike his brother, the Prince of Wales, he takes large swinging strides, and covers the floor with something of the determination that he takes his ditches in the hunting field.

***Pluck***

THERE were many members of the Bicester Hunt, though their pink evening coat is undistinguished by any special collar, and all were lamenting the approaching resignation of their Master, Mr. H. M. Budgett. Apparently he has found difficulty in working with his committee. Mr. Budgett must be the only man hunting in England who does so without legs! Which is to say that, having lost the use of his thigh muscles, he has to be strapped to his horse every time he rides. Of course, he is always mounted on blood horses, animals costing from seven to eight hundred pounds; but even so few men would care to risk a fall in such conditions. Mr. Budgett, however, never seems to fall.

***"Louis, Prince de Bourbon"***

*Apropos* of a paragraph which appeared a few weeks ago in THE BYSTANDER regarding the identity of Louis Naundorff, who made

*Miss Meraud Guinness, the artist daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, after her registry office marriage with the artist, Señor Alvaro Guevara*

# & where

himself out to be the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, we have received a letter from a gentleman signing himself "Louis, Prince de Bourbon." The letter bears the crown of France above the monogram L.B. It has twice been proved in a court of law in France that this gentleman, the grandson of Louis Naundorff, has no legal right to the name of Bourbon or the use of the royal crown.

***The First Louis Naundorff***

THIS is the history in brief. Louis Naundorff was a Prussian, the son of a locksmith, and himself a watchmaker. At Spandau he made the acquaintance of a Frenchman called Maressin, who for a time pretended to be the son of Louis XVI, who had died in the Temple. From Maressin, undoubtedly, Naundorff learnt many of the details of the French Royal Family, which he used afterwards in support of his claim to be Louis XVII. He married, and went to France, where he started a campaign for recognition. Many people believed in him, and as he was becoming a source of trouble to the Government he was sent out of the country and died at Delft in 1845. So much for the first Louis Naundorff.

***The Facts***

SIX years after his death his heirs brought an action before the civil tribunal of the Seine for the recognition of their supposed origin. They lost the action. Yet another action was brought in 1871. Again they lost. The judgment of the Court in both actions was based on the death certificate of the little Dauphin in the Temple in 1795, and the report of the post-mortem on his body.

The gentleman who writes to us says he hopes one day to receive the writer of the paragraph "dans mon Palais de Fontainebleau." When the Palace of Fontainebleau belongs to "Louis, Prince de Bourbon," then THE BYSTANDER may be printed on the front steps of the British Museum. Both are just as likely.

***No Surprise***

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS must long ago have given up any feeling of surprise at what her elder daughter did, so that the sudden announcement of Meraud Guinness's engagement and marriage to the well-known painter Señor Alvaro Guevara must have been greeted by a proverbial shrug of the family shoulders. It must be nearly two years since Meraud claimed artistic independence of her family and settled in a small house behind Cannes. There was talk then of her having incurred severe parental displeasure, and after the luxuries of Carlton House Terrace her independence had to be maintained on a meagre allowance of some four hundred a year; but even on that you can have your hot baths.

***Painters Both***

MISS GUINNESS certainly takes her art seriously. The last time I saw her was in a circus at Cannes, where she was very busy with her sketch book jotting down her impressions of the two- and four-legged entertainers. Later on, when visiting an exhibition of her works in Paris, I fancied that the influence of the circus was to be discerned. Her wedding was as unconventional as her painting. The bride is not generally called for by the groom previous to the ceremony, neither is the daughter of a millionaire usually married at a register

*The new sun-bath craze is for the West Indies, where the sun always shines, and which is incidentally part of the Empire. Above, Lady Weymouth (right) and Lady Lettice Lygon, daughter of Lord and Lady Beauchamp, photographed before embarking for Jamaica*

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office. Nor was her costume conventional. A wine-coloured coat and skirt with brass buttons, a black hat, decorated with a red feather, and red shoes, must, at any rate, have added a touch of colour to drab Henrietta Street.

***Unusual Guests***

LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR, who has just presented her second husband, Mr. W. R. Slessor, with a son, is the mother, by her first marriage, of the youthful Earl of Jersey. There was a great contrast between the ceremony at her second wedding and that at her first, seventeen years previously. When, as Lady Cynthia Needham, the only daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Kilmorey, she married the then Lord Villiers, afterwards eighth Earl of Jersey, her wedding was what is called "a brilliant Society function." And Lady Cynthia was like a bride out of a story-book, exquisitely fair, with golden hair and blue eyes.

***Not Forgotten***

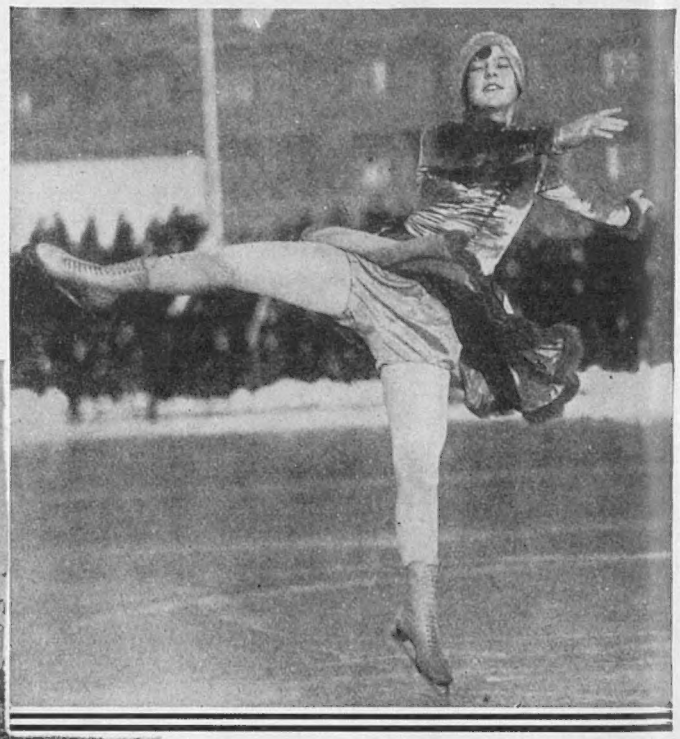
HER second marriage, two years after the late Lord Jersey's death, took place at the little village of Cassington, in Oxfordshire.

At the first wedding two of the guests were policemen in uniform. Two years before Lady Cynthia had a bad riding accident in the Park. Her horse bolted and then fell partly upon her, and but for the help of the two policemen the consequences would probably have been fatal. The late Lady Kilmorey went to the Hyde Park police-station and gave each policeman a memento of her gratitude, and two years later, to their great surprise and delight, they both received invitations to the wedding.

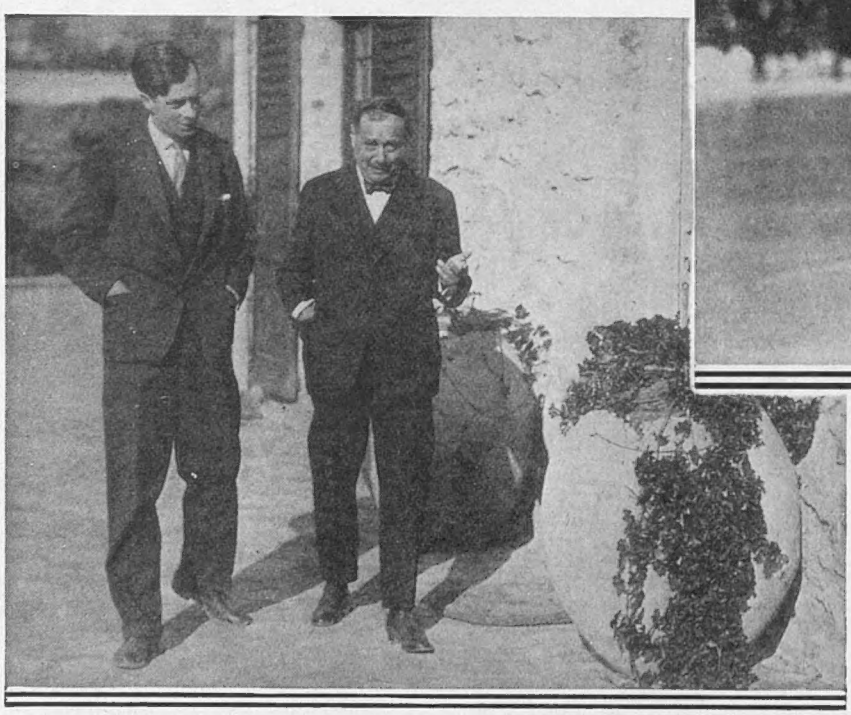
***Switzerland's Rival***

SWITZERLAND is by no means the only place where they are curling at the moment. Instead of all the spare grass in Scotland being taken up by golfers, every frozen puddle now has its curlers. I've never yet been out of elbow through sweeping a path for my stone, but someone was saying the other day that Lady Mary Graham, one of the girls you do not see at the night clubs, would curl many a man off his feet, or the ice, or wherever they go when they are out-curled. Lady Mary is a daugh-

*Lord Lytton is one of the finest figure skaters of the day and has held the British Denning at Mürren in the Bernese Oberland, performing*



*The superb dexterity and grace of Sonja Henie, the famous Norwegian skater, are illustrated here. She is performing one of her famous figures on the ice at St. Moritz*



*Here we see two literary figures, on the left Professor J. S. Huxley, listening to Mr. H. G. Wells expounding on "The Science of Life," a work on which they are collaborating at Mr Wells' villa at Grasse. The novelist-scientist has two villas, one for work, the other for play*

*...mat... Figure Skating Championship in the past. He is seen here with Miss Jean ... graceful but complicated figure with his partner*

# & where

### *The Mystery Man*

I WONDER if the announcement of the life of Sir Basil Zaharoff, so often referred to as "The Mystery Man of European Finance," is true, and, if it is true, whether the life, which it is said is being written by a German, is authorised by Sir Basil himself. Such an authorisation seems almost a contradiction to the care with which Sir Basil has avoided publicity in any shape or form. If it is true then we shall have one of the most fascinating books of the inner history of pre-War, War, and post-War periods.

Since the death of his wife three years ago Sir Basil Zaharoff has been very little in England. The story of that marriage is both romantic and sad. His wife was the Duchess Villa Franca, a relative by marriage to the King of Spain. She was married to the Duke de Marchena, a member of one of the branches of the Spanish Bourbon family. Comparatively shortly after their marriage the Duke became insane and had to be put in a *maison de santé.*

### *A Love Match*

A FEW years later the Duchess met the handsome and fascinating Basil Zaharoff, and they fell in love. There was no possibility of the Duke de Marchena recovering his reason, but the Spanish Court was obdurate to all the Duchess's appeals for the annulment of the marriage.

She and Sir Basil waited for one another for many years until the Duke's death, when they married, the Duchess taking her own title of Villa Franca. Unhappily, she did not survive their marriage long.

### *Table Decorations*

SIR BASIL has a taste in table decoration that only an immensely wealthy man could afford. Whenever he lunches or dines in his sumptuous house in Paris there has to be a new scheme of decoration for each meal. It is the duty of one man to make this decoration, which consists of the petals of living flowers arranged in an intricate pattern under a sheet of glass.

No matter how expensive the flowers needed by the designer for his plans he can buy what he chooses. The one essential point he has to remember is that no design may be repeated.

*Miss Millicent Mackinnon is seen here on the ice at Mürren. She has won the Angus Cup for skating*

ter of the Duke of Montrose, a Duke who would like to see Scotland once more a country of its own, and not just an annexe of golfers. In addition to being a Nationalist, he is also an Elder of the Church of Scotland. He ascended the pulpit of a church near Glasgow the other day and addressed his congregation on—Temperance. And for that I do not forgive him. Besides, a Scotsman never drinks to excess, only by habit.

*A merry group basking in the sunshine at Madeira. In front are Sir Leonard Lyle, his younger daughter, Miss Barbara Lyle, Lady Pamela Smith and Lady Lyle. Sir Leonard Lyle is a very keen lawn tennis player*

# A LADY MASTER IN THE NORTH

*Miss Zita Jungman, elder daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, whose marriage took place yesterday (Tuesday) to Mr. Arthur Walter James at St. James's, Spanish Place*

*Princess Ella Kourakine, who is an immensely popular member of Society. She is the daughter of Prince John Kourakine, a member of one of the oldest Russian families*

*Miss A. Usher, of Paxton House, Berwickshire, who has been appointed Master of the North Northumberland Hounds in place of Mr. A. Hall Watt. She is seen here with Colonel Joicey*

It sounds rather a nerve-racking occupation.

***The Clumber Pictures***

SOME confusion has arisen concerning the lending of pictures from Clumber to Nottingham. Many people think they have been lent by the Duke of Newcastle, but this is not the case. By the Duke's own desire his brother, the late Duke, who died in May last, left Clumber to the Duke's heir, the Earl of Lincoln. But it was left in trust, and Lord Lincoln, who came of age last April, will not enter into possession until he is thirty. For the present Clumber is shut up, and the pictures, which are said to be worth something close upon a million, have been lent to Nottingham by the trustees, of whom the Duke of Newcastle is one.

The Duke of Newcastle, you will remember, as Lord Francis Hope, married Miss May Yohe, the actress, whose deep contralto voice took London by storm. Lord Lincoln and his sisters, Lady Doria and Lady Mary Pelham-Clinton, are the children of the Duke's second marriage to an Australian lady who died whilst they were still in the nursery.

***Helping Both Ways***

THIS lending of pictures to public galleries from private collections benefits both the visitors to those galleries and the owners. The visitors see great works of art which otherwise they would have no opportunity of seeing, and when the pictures come to be valued for duty in the case of death an enormous reduction is made because the public has been allowed to see them. Pictures, historical furniture, and other works of art in houses to which the public is admitted—"show places" such as Knole and Penshurst Place—also come under this reduction.

In Czecho-Slovakia the Government has insisted on certain big country houses being thrown open to the public, the owners being forbidden to sell anything. We have not got as far as that in this country, but you never know what a Socialist Government might do.

***Walmer Castle***

LORD BEAUCHAMP, who lent Walmer Castle to Lord Dunwich and his bride for their honeymoon, has been Warden of the Cinque Ports for the last sixteen years. In that capacity he wears a most impressive uniform when he represents the Cinque Ports at Dover on State occasions, such as the arrival of Royal and other visitors of distinction. As Lord Warden he has the right to a salute from naval vessels.

Walmer Castle is a very comfortable house, and is occupied by the present Lord Warden much more frequently than by most of his predecessors, the "Iron Duke" of Wellington excepted. Lord Curzon of Kedleston was appointed Lord Warden on his return from his Indian Viceroyalty, but indirectly the house was the cause of the death of his first wife—the lovely Mary Leiter.

Lady Curzon was ill. Symptoms appeared which were entirely foreign to the malady from which she was suffering, absolutely baffling the doctors. Then it was discovered that the top of a ventilating pipe from a drain was immediately below her window!

BY WILL OWEN

*"I wouldna ha' kenned ye for ma ain brither wi' yon whuskers"*
*"Losh, mon! Ye took the razor wi' ye!"*

# MAKING THE WORLD SMALLER

By ROSEMARY

*Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

HOW small the world is! Not meaning the very little Great World, but the good old geography one, shape of an orange (no, banana—Einstein), slightly flattened at the poles, *you* know. Quite small enough, you'd have thought, and yet everyone seems to be determined to make it smaller still. The B.B.C. has harnessed the ether, and you can listen to Australia saying something a minute after she has said it, and with none of the accent lost. Airplanes have linked up the Empire, and Lady Bailey made a record in lone flights for women. And now there's to be a Channel Tunnel.

"MORE familiar than adjacent" is what we shall be becoming with these foreigners; as the Spinster of our Parish said gaily to the Man with Red Hair when they packed themselves into the Limousine Seven to cross the Bridge of San Luis Rey. And you never can tell where that sort of thing is going to stop. There'll be tunnels to America and across to Sweden and the Isle of Wight. No end to it. And if Miss Gleitze couldn't see her way clear to matrimony while the Wash remained unswum, what will all the poor girls do north of the Tweed when the Aberdonians start walking to New York?

COURSE there are some things we wouldn't mind getting a bit more into touch with France over. A few sunbeams through the tunnel from the Côte d'Azur would be no bad thing. And with them just a "close-up," perhaps, of the Croisette, or the Cap, or even one of those hill-towns that nestle at the back of the big places that constitute "The Riviera" for most people.

*"With how much more aplomb you could face the Customs official"*

JUST at the time when it is beginning to be the right time to leave you should stay a day longer, and take a long walk with your back to Cannes, the Esterels to the left of you, and the Alpes Maritimes bearing down on you in front, and explore some hill-town.

OR, if you have any romance remaining to you by then, be content to stroll by the terraces where the orange-blossom is in bloom. It is the most divine smell imaginable—nothing they make from it at the factory in Grasse comes near.

AND it *would* be nice to be quite sure you would never be seasick again. Not only for the rout and confusion of those people who won't believe you when you say you never are, but one would be so much surer of oneself. Think with how much more aplomb you could face up to the Customs official when you were getting through the cigarettes one way and the silk stockings the other.

AT present you are at your very worst for the encounter. It isn't only the Charmer's smile is frozen to the lips and all the poise has departed, but your general attitude to the Universe makes you hope they *will* throw you into the harbour after the contraband cigars. You feel far too cheap to be worth paying the duty on.

BUT all the same I don't quite like it. Seems to me it's not natural; it's tampering with Providence, and no good ever did come out of these new-fangled notions. If we must have something better (some people never will be satisfied) than the dear old Channel steamer, the Croydon Airways, and a cure for *mal de mer* that I've got shares in, well, I think the best idea is the Giant Wheel.

THIS was suggested during the last but one "comeback" of the Channel Tunnel question; it has the advantage of being intended to "gyrate across the bed of

the Channel, bearing its load of carriages and passengers clear of the water." There is something nice and homely about that, now. Makes you think of Blackpool and the White City and the Wembley Amusement Park . . . "All sweet things, brother."

S

And did I say the B.B.C. was one of these world-reducers? Bringing the distance down as surely as the twenty-five Elizabeth Arden girls raise the face. Well, I suppose it's good for us all to be "matey" and get to know each other better, but I think there is a lot in that business about distance making the heart beat quicker. I know I feel that way, anyhow, about some loud-speakers. And I had always thought *they* were bad enough. But I've found something worse. I was left alone at the dentist's with the first copy of *The Listener*.

S

You know how there are some things you are terrified you'll come across and have to look at. The cross-eyed man at the Private Dance asking you for the next one when your hostess is near. And acrobats affect some people that way. Well, mine is instructive articles about the (much) lower animals. I think it is due to an Inhibition.

S

Two of us at school had to write up a lecture on the Habits of the Bittern that we had played noughts and crosses through for the School magazine. Vaguely I connect the beast with the Norfolk Broads. Would some Psycho-Analyst please explain? Or a Naturalist? I don't mind which.

"*Charles, King and Martyr*"

S

It was all right for a bit, the B.B.C.'s little literary "effort." There was something political. But strictly non-party, which takes all the fun out of it. And then something nice and clear for the "man in the street" on music. But I knew there would be trouble coming, and I was right. The next page had a picture of Nebula. You must know what that is. Looks like a snapshot of spilt milk—and if your Kodak had taken it you well might cry! And if it occurs on one side of a *really* instructive magazine, preferably in fortnightly parts, there are bound to be pictures of Space and a drawing of the Great Bear on the other side.

S

Sure enough I turned over page after page in the fascination of fear, and there it was. The flat fish adapting itself to its background. It's too awful; it will work on my mind. Supposing I have a nightmare from it? See myself gradually being sucked into the background of a Dutch Woman. My dear, do you think those women really were as plain as all that? Or were the artists all misogynists and got their own back that way on poor, defenceless women? The climax of frightfulness certainly is reached in Rembrandt's Bridal Couple. I refuse to believe women, even the best of them, ever looked like that. And especially at a period of history when clothes simply *helped* all they could. Don't let's have any nonsense about Dates; but, talking of history, don't forget a bunch of violets to-day for the statue of Charles, King and Martyr.

"*Explore some hill town*"

Rosemary.

Central Press

*Physical fitness is easier to attain in Riviera sunshine than in London fog. Above is seen a party of enthusiasts doing their "daily dozen" on the beach at Cannes*

# RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Where have you been hiding?"

"Down at Westminster. I've been listening-in at the House."

"The Prime Minister's been handing out a snub to the P.M.G. right enough."

"You've said it; but the House was half empty."

"Ah, yes. Many M.P.s believe that nothing succeeds like Recess."

"Still things are pretty quiet in Town."

"Perhaps that's why so many Society people are going into shops."

"It's worse than shop people going into Society."

"True, O King. Only yesterday a friend tried to make me buy her artificial flowers."

"Well, I hope you shelled out."

"That's quite enough from you! Fleet Street seems to be getting more than its fair share of Debrett, too."

"A case of from Peerage to Press-age."

"Still, I DID hear you describe one of the latest Society recruits as a young man of parts."

"Not 'parts,' Carlton, parties."

"Even in the Colonies they are getting quite concerned over the doings of some of our distinguished 'side-line' journalists."

"Yes; Dean Inge's reference to American 'Shylocks' fairly astounded the Antipodes."

"I wonder how he would like it if the Americans retaliated with an article on 'Derisive Divines.'"

"I daren't guess. That sort of thing is such a help to the 'Come to Britain' movement, isn't it?"

"Well, Jix has done his best to make London attractive."

"What on earth are you talking about? Who COULD like it as it is?"

"Archæologists. They love exploring dead cities."

"And Jix himself came back from the Riviera to be in at the kill."

"I see that Jix was run all over the place by Sir Walter and Lady de Frece."

"Oh, well, don't they almost run Monte Carlo nowadays?"

"You are premature, Carlton—they may be thinking of it."

"Our estimable Home Secretary out there could not at any rate escape the order of the Bathe."

"Meaning, I take it, Lily Langtry? I certainly haven't seen them photographed together—like the De Frece menage."

"No? But Cabinet Ministers seem, on the Riviera, often shy of publicity."

"Anybody else there?"

"Yep! The little lady with the purple hair who awaited another even more famous statesman when he landed from his yacht."

"You certainly do see some funny things in the papers nowadays."

"Evelyn Waugh would probably agree with you."

"How so?"

"Why, that photograph of him in an evening paper must have startled him a bit."

"Perhaps the early edition was looking a few decades ahead."

"Or perhaps it was only a new way of living up to Standard."

"The new show at the Savoy is well up to standard, though."

"Just another proof of how hidebound most theatrical managers are."

"In what way?"

"Saying that the public don't want war plays and that no play could succeed without women in the cast."

"Well, *Journey's End* proves that the trenches have as strong an appeal as the wenches."

"On the question of battle, France gave Scotland a fright in the recent Rugger international."

"By Jove! yes. The Scottish Fifteen weren't as capable as usual."

"Capable! Why, according to the opinions of the Scottish selectors they weren't even Cap-able."

"Talking of sport, I see Helen Wills is engaged."

"Good luck to her. We've often seen her in another sort of love match in the summer."

"Did you enjoy yourself at Madeira?"

"Well, between ourselves, I didn't have much fun at Funchal."

"How was that?"

"The first time the Press photographers appeared on the Mappin rocks the rush was so great that I fell in and ruined my bathing costume."

"Not a lucky dip for YOU."

"Ring off. I'm tired of your voice."

"Don't take it so badly. I was just going to add that you were in the swim at last. SO-long."

BY FRANK FORD

"*Where did you get your black servant?*"
"*I found him in Darkest Africa. He was an orphan*"
"*Oh, the poor lamb!*"
"*Yes, he'd eaten both his parents*"

*LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS*

# THE CHINESE BUNGALOW

By "JINGLE"

*Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

YUAN SING is a Chinaman with European tastes, and the very head and front of his offending is, like Othello's, that he has married a white girl. Her name is Sadie, and she thus becomes a pariah among her kind, especially with the other ladies who would have jumped at the chance of doing the same thing. For Mr. Sing is a man of vast wealth, with faithful retainers who run to his side when he claps his hands, and his home is of palatial dimensions. But, just as stone walls do not a prison make, a home in a palace does not necessarily bring happiness, and Sadie, in her ardent pursuit of that elusive quality, is so misguided as to encourage the attentions of a young man of her own race. This is a clear breach of contract with the husband, and when we gather that, as between Sadie and Harold Marquess, the worst has happened, we can only feel that she deserves what is coming to her.

MR. SING has, according to his lights, done all that is possible to ensure the happiness of his wife. So that she shall be in no danger of becoming Orientalised, he allows her to have her sister Charlotte to live in the house with her. The servants not unnaturally conclude, in their poor heathen blindness, that Mr. Sing is the husband of both the ladies, whereas it is made clear to us that Charlotte is as pure as the driven snow, and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, Richard Marquess, the brother of the erring Harold, has already run his eye over the fair Charlotte, and one evening, meeting her in Mr. Sing's house, he proposes marriage, and takes her in his arms and hugs her, all in the same breath, as the mixed metaphor has it. Charlotte is quite pleased about it, but she points out, what has been obvious to us all, that it was a pretty swift bit of love-making, even for the tropical air of the unchanging East.

THEN we hear that Sadie's lover, Harold, has gone and died of blood-poisoning, and as this is so sudden we cannot help thinking that Mr. Sing must have been making a bit of trouble on his own account after having found out his wife's guilty intrigue. We thus come to the interesting item on the programme, "Sybilla, by a Siamese Lady." Sybilla is Mr. Sing's pet tabby cat, though, of course, one does not like to speak of cats and ladies in this way as if they had any qualities in common. It appears that Sybilla's claws were doctored with a deadly poison, and she was allowed to stroll over to Harold's bungalow and scratch him. A few hours later Harold was no more. In fact, as Max Adeler used to say, he was less. This seems quite a new use for cats, which have hitherto been regarded as harmless domestic pets, discordant only in their nocturnes.

IN view of Harold's very unexpected demise, Sadie begins to get a little jumpy under the clear apprehension that it will be her turn next. She runs about the house saying that she is afraid of her husband, and, familiar as we are with the alleged subtleties of Chinese torture, we sit and wonder whether Mr. Sing will have Sadie boiled in oil, or just snicked to pieces with a blunt penknife, neither experience being at all an agreeable one. As it happens,

# *at the Duke of York's*

Mr. Sing does not intend to do Sadie any mischief whatever. He proposes to divorce her and then to marry sister Charlotte. But Charlotte, being now engaged to Richard Marquess, vigorously resents the idea that she shall become the second Mrs. Sing, and she sends an S O S to Richard appealing to him to come and collect her from her "prison." With the Third Act the stereotyped Chinese atmosphere is turned on with a rush. Richard Marquess comes dashing to the house, and Mr. Sing, who has by this time assumed the costume of a 100 per cent. Chinaman, notices with regret that the gentleman has brought his revolver with him. So unnecessary in an interview as between two gentlemen of breeding and honour!

RICHARD explains his presence by admitting that he is now engaged to marry Charlotte. Mr. Sing thinks that is a great pity, as he rather wanted to marry the girl himself. Perhaps Mr. Marquess would like a drink. Two glasses of wine are brought in, and as it is a hot and thirsty evening both drain their glasses without saying "Chin-chin," which might, of course, be construed by a Chinaman as a rather personal remark. Then Mr. Sing, with a smile that is child-like and bland, explains all about the wine. The simple truth is that one of the glasses contained a deadly poison. Nothing painful or unpleasant in its effect, but just politely and completely fatal. Mr. Sing does not know which of the glasses was poisoned. He has taken his chance in the duel as a gentleman of honour, and very shortly they will learn which of them is for it, as the old Army phrase goes.

ALL at once Mr. Sing puts his hand on his heart and sits up abruptly and takes notice, and there is then no room for doubt that it is he who has absorbed the dose of dope. He sends Richard and Charlotte away with his kind regards, and hopes they will be very happy; and the young people disappear, convinced that this story of the poisoned wine was only a grim Chinese joke. After they have gone, Mr. Sing begins to totter about the room with the dazed look of a man wrestling with one or two over the eight, and then he falls into his chair, and out of it again to the floor, entirely dead. Mr. Sing is perhaps like Old Rowley, an unconscionable time dying, but there is a nice dignity about the entire proceeding, even if it should seem a rather violent method of protesting at having been turned down by his "sweetie." *The Chinese Bungalow* is clearly destined for a wide popularity.

JINGLE.

MARJORIE MARS AS 'SADIE'

AUSTIN TREVOR AS 'MARQUESS'

# if—Gossip—

By Stuart Parker

*Famous movie actress does a little home-work*

I MET a man the other day who just before the King's illness had been through the private apartments of Buckingham Palace—regions almost as mysterious and unknown to most people as the other side of the moon.

Among other things he saw was the Royal wardrobe, containing uniforms by the score. These hang, tunic and breeches, from tailor's "rests," with medals and decorations ready fixed, so that they can be put on with the least possible delay. Foreign uniforms, of great splendour, are, of course, included.

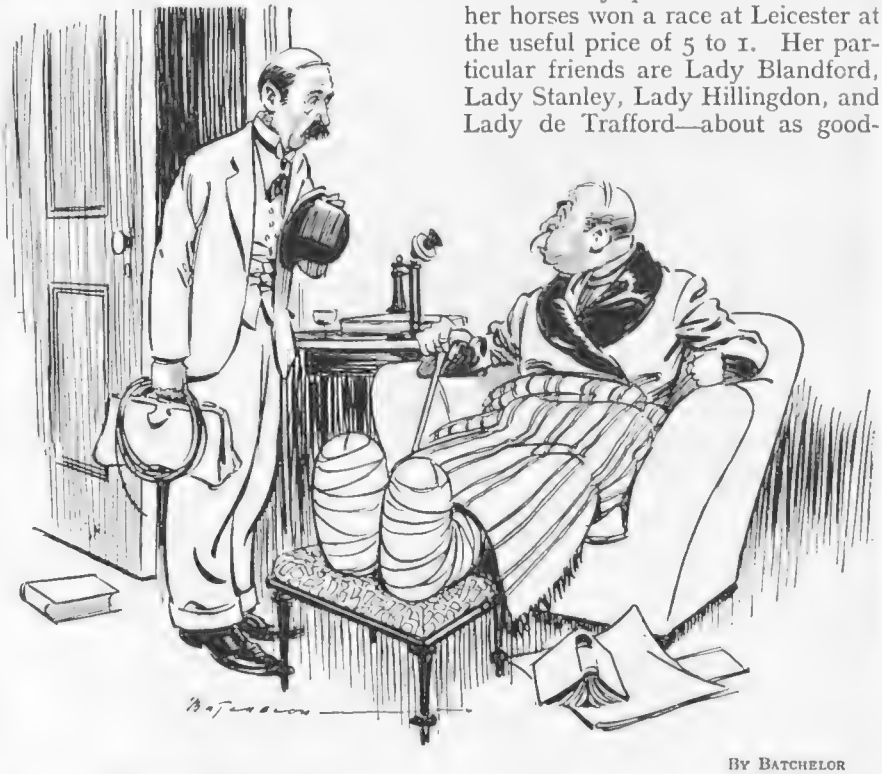
"They looked," he remarked, "like a collection of living Bertram Wallises!"

WE are five months off the General Election and the Government are yet without a slogan of anything like a definite and vote-compelling type.

"DOWN with bigoted restriction" is a cry that would be worth hundreds of thousands of votes throughout the country, and would probably make a clean sweep of our anything but bright London.

IT is only appropriate that a hunting man should become a Whip, and Captain Euan Wallace's appointment as a Junior Whip is a popular one. He is a pretty keen Conservative, and is of the Buck's Club — Point-to-Point meetings — Household Cavalry set.

His wife, Sir Edwin Lutyens's pretty, fair-haired daughter, is as keen on sporting matters as he is, and races a good deal, and was tremendously pleased when one of her horses won a race at Leicester at the useful price of 5 to 1. Her particular friends are Lady Blandford, Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, and Lady de Trafford—about as good-looking a quartet of sisters as could be found anywhere.



By Batchelor

Telephone Man: "Your new number, sir, will be Hop double H'ate 0,0,0!"

*Valerie Taylor, one of the cleverest of our younger actresses. She appeared in her original part in "The Seagull" when that play was revived recently at the Arts Theatre*

You cannot win elections on negative appeals, and "Beware of the Labour Party's Socialism" savours too much of concentrating on the other fellow's defects rather than boosting one's own advantages, which in a vulgar world is what has to be done.

As for De-rating, all that there is that is positive about it is that the average man is positive that he doesn't understand it now and probably never will.

I AM growing perplexed about the deposition of King Amanullah and the abdication of General Booth —or the deposition of General Booth and the abdication of King Amanullah—and suggest a brilliant compromise which should be to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Why not let General Booth go to Afghanistan, where the mountain climate is healthy and where the religious element is in the ascendant? And what about King Amanullah as

# we__must__

the head of the Salvation Army? His Majesty would then be able to wear yet another uniform, and Queen Souriya as a "lassie" would look no less effective than Edna May, and would at least be unveiled.

GAY London—by which I mean our London (more or less, and usually less)—is anything but gay. An old story, of course, and so old that we take it for granted.

That is the trouble. We have come to regard early closing of restaurants, drinks swept ignominiously from the table at midnight, and even at 3 p.m.; no Sunday plays, except of the gloomily highbrow type, performed in semi-private and in semi-darkness; and a hundred and one other humiliating discomforts as a permanent result of having won the War.

Virtually, no attempt is made to put an end to this tyranny. Like Mr. Dombey, we refuse to make an effort.

MEANWHILE, the money lost in London alone is quite incalculable. The bad time that is being endured at the moment by those who purvey the brighter things of life, as such experts as M. Poulsen, of the Kit-Cat, will tell you, owing partly to the absence of wealthy people in the Shires, in Switzerland, or the West Indies, is due in far greater measure to the presence of restrictions which make gaiety so difficult.

Americans rush round Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon in the summer time and then go straight to the Continent to enjoy themselves. I don't blame them. Nobody can.

As to the Channel Tunnel, this is, in my opinion, coming too late, if it comes at all. By the time it is complete air travel will be safer and quite general. Yet do the upholders of the Tunnel scheme really imagine that half the Continent will flock to London when it is opened?

What inducements are there for them?

Let us save £30,000,000 and behave like the free people we are so erroneously supposed to be. Then, and then only, will London be as cosmopolitan as Paris.

RELIGIOUS controversy is considered tender ground, but I will touch only the fringes of it in protesting against the way the B.B.C. deluges us with a spate of prayers, sermons, and sacred music on Sundays. If one is rich or otherwise fortunate enough to possess a five-valve set, one can dodge the dogma by tuning in to Germany or elsewhere. If not, it is a dismal prospect.

A certain proportion of religious fare—yes. But it is foolish for the B.B.C., who are servants of their public, to take it for granted that every member of that public welcomes an overdose of it, or, indeed, any of it at all.

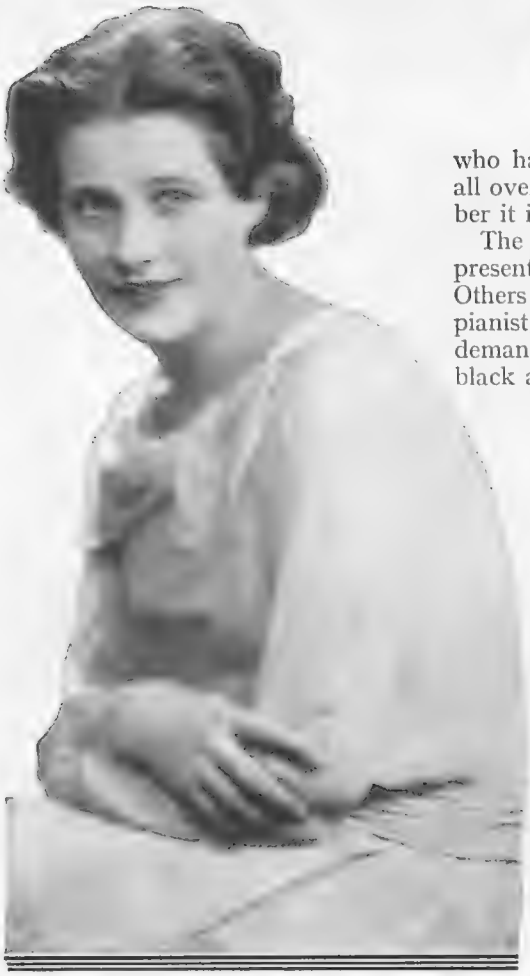
Conversely, I have heard many sincerely religious people resent the intrusion of intimate scriptural passages in an atmosphere of, possibly, whisky and soda and tobacco smoke.

Such methods are antiquated. The B.B.C. in some respects are B.C. rather than A.D.

THE preliminary list of singers and operas for the summer season at Covent Garden has been issued. People sneer at Covent

*Alice Delysia, the famous French actress whose work in revue is so well known to Londoners. She is appearing in her first non-musical play, "Her Past," now running at the Shaftesbury Theatre*

# if—gossip—



*Angela Baddeley, the leading lady in "One Hundred Years Old" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. She will be the new star in a series of plays, including a revival of "Mary Rose," to be presented at the Haymarket Theatre*

Garden, whose management *do* get things done, while others merely talk about it. They may not have given us much opera, but as George Robey used to sing, "What was there was good!"

Dame Nellie Melba was there the other day, and, much upset about the death of Mr. H. V. Higgins, the last of the old syndicate, rushed into the managerial sanctum with streaming eyes, exclaiming, "Harry's gone!" She then walked about the vast, deserted stage, the scene of so many of her triumphs, quite alone.

Our greatest singer will never be heard there again. But she is to throw herself heart and soul into helping to organise the Beecham scheme.

MR. C. B. COCHRAN does not believe in absolute secrecy anent his forthcoming productions, and he asked a few friends to his house in Montagu Street the other night to hear some of the tunes in the new revue.

The best of them is entitled "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love," which is likely to be all over London. Those who have been to New York—it is all over that place, too—will remember it in Irene Bordoni's show.

The composer, Cole Porter, was present, and played some of them. Others were played by the coloured pianist, "Hutch," who is in such demand at all parties. He is not as black as coal, but blacker than Cole Porter.

I AM glad to see that some vigorous reference is being made to certain "popular" composers, who are unable to score or even to jot down a single note of their music.

There would be no vast harm in this, though I cannot find it laudable, were it not for the fact that the composers in question regard themselves as no small authorities on matters musical, tell experienced conductors what and what not to do, and manage to keep those who do the spade work for them, and a good deal more, well in the background.

Even Noel Coward would not, I fancy, have gained his musical triumphs without Miss Elsie April.

And this is no innovation. Miss April is not the First.

ALTHOUGH most conductors are expert musicians, there are some exceptions.

A certain famous personality, now a veteran, who held sway at a London theatre for a long period, had a habit of disguising his incompetence by swearing at his orchestra violently during rehearsals. This was also intended to impress any managers or others who might be present.

One day he went a bit too far. "Look here, Mr. ——," said the leading first violin, rising in his wrath and his seat; "if you talk to us like that, *we'll follow your beat!*"

That stopped him!

WHAT woman in the country has changed her name most often? The prize should surely go to Captain Wallace's first wife, now Lady Erroll, who gave such a very jolly musical party the other night.

By FRANK FORD

MOTHER (at 2.30 a.m.): "You need not have waited up, I had my latch-key"
DAUGHTER: "Oh, that's all right Someone had to wait up for Grandma"

# we— must—

In the course of about thirty-five years of life she has been:—

Lady Idina Sackville,
Lady Idina Wallace,
Lady Idina Gordon,
Lady Idina Hay,
Lady Kilmarnock, and
Lady Erroll.

It is certainly all rather like meeting the man who was going to St. Ives.

EDITH DAY will be missed from Drury Lane. She has a wonderful house at Weybridge, and not long ago all the chorus girls from *The Show Boat* were entertained there, leaving, not like children at a school-treat with a bun and an orange apiece, but with a £50 note.

If she enlists under the Cochran banner her Press influence is likely to be increased, since C.B.C. is now a journalist. In fact, he is something infinitely more profitable—the director of a newspaper trust. For such the horn of a dilemma can never exist.

THE following letter was received from a correspondent, who evidently studied the full-page drawing by Alfred Leete, which appeared on page 108 of our January 16 issue, with meticulous care. He writes to us as follows:—

"My teeth giving me trouble, I had occasion to see a copy of THE BYSTANDER for January 16 to-day. In it appears a drawing from the pen of Alfred Leete entitled 'Dummy,' which has upset me very much. It is not to the artistic merits of Mr. Leete's work that I allude—on the contrary, his work is quite on a par with that of Epstein, Marcus Stone, and other great humorists of the brush and pencil—so much as to the remarkable Bridge hand he has made Dummy lay down.

"This reads as follows: H: A., K., J., 9; S: A., K., Q., 6; D: A., K.; C: A., 5, 3—a hand which appears at first glance to have some possibilities for calling. I must explain that I am myself an earnest Bridge player—indeed, I take the game so seriously that I sometimes play for real money instead of for counters, and once when my second cousin Hilderbrand, who, I am sorry to say, is the black sheep of the family and one of the wildest of the Young Set in Little Slosham-on-the-Eye (Salop), visited me, we played for as much as 3d. a hundred.

"My aunt, who lives with me and played Solo Whist in her more youthful days, suggests that 'misère ouvert' had been called, and someone has either 'propped' or 'copped,' but is not certain which. Having made a careful study of all card games, I think I have solved the problem and my solution is as follows:—

"A twisted on a seventeen to get five cards under twenty-one.

"Y, who held the 'jackpot' raised Z four shillings on a busted flush, but was overtrumped by B, who went Snap with two Aces and completed the Beggar-my-Neighbour re-entry by scoring a complete Happy Family of Mr. Bung the Brewer.

"As, of course, Mr. Leete MUST know the why and possibly the wherefore of the contract, will you please ask him to confirm my theory. You see, I MAY be at fault, for, as Lens in 'Optic Bridge' points out, there is an R in the month.

"Yours anxiously,
"D. WOOLLY.

"P.S.—Allbosch in his new work 'Pons Asinorum' says just the reverse, but in fairness to this talented author I should point out that the hand he cites was played with two Jokers."

The Editor regrets that no prizes can or will be offered for alternative solutions. The Editorial Staff have now no further interest in Auction and are taking up Ping-Pong.

*Hogan Nicholson, a brawny Scot who is one of the Highlanders taking part in the Braemar Gathering, as held at the London Coliseum. He is holding two of the lassies who take part in the dancing*

"'Ow far orf is Yarmouth, Bill?"
"Abaht fifty mile"
"Good! I've got an aunt wot lives there!"

BY FORRET

*FILM FANCIES*

# *SWASHBUCKLING COSSACKS*

By AUBERON

"THE COSSACKS," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production which has been showing at the Empire Theatre, is enjoyable, though perhaps peace-loving souls would find the fighting too much of a good thing. I nearly did myself, as the story deals largely with the hatred and constant warfare between the Cossacks and the Turks and each battle is notable for its ferociousness.

THE love interest, and a charming one at that, is supplied by John Gilbert, the virile and good-looking, and Renée Adorée, and I hasten to say that I have seldom seen this delightful little French actress in a rôle that suited her better. Her quick flashes of temper followed by an almost superhuman softness and meekness were most realistically portrayed, and I found her adorably pretty to look at.

*An incident from the successful film, "The Cossacks" John Gilbert and Renée Adoree are seen in another of their love scenes*

JOHN GILBERT makes a splendidly bold and handsome Cossack, though, to be perfectly honest, I preferred him as the lover to the fighter. What impressed me most, however, was his prowess at handling a horse. His amazing equestrian feats are distinctly out of the ordinary, and quite put Douglas Fairbanks' most daring exploits in the shade.

*John Gilbert, as the Cossack, and Renee Adoree in an alfresco courtship scene in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "The Cossacks" John Gilbert's horsemanship in this film is superb*

ERNEST TORRENCE was a truly rough and barbaric Ataman (Cossack Chief), and Nils Asther as a young Russian Prince gave an extremely finished performance.

AN all-round, well-acted production ably directed by Mr. George Hill, its only fault is that the religious aspect was overdone. A little of this was, of course, necessary to show the queer complex nature of this swashbuckling tribe, but enough is as good as a feast.

***Four Devils***

I MUST confess that this new circus film showing at the Tivoli disappointed me. I went expecting something really out of the ordinary, and found a by no means new theme crammed to breaking point with sheer bathos.

WHY are American producers so keen on that embarrassing sight, a strong man sobbing soulfully in a perfect agony of heart-breaking grief, and why, oh why, do they rate our intelligences very low in their choice of a vampish vamp.

MARY DUNCAN, the siren of this particular picture, positively annoyed me. She wore the usual clinging and revealing gowns along with a meant-to-be seductive smile which simply could not have taken in a man with one atom of sense. It was not her acting I found fault with so much, though, as the really impossible sort of person she was setting out to be.

IN contrast to this trying lady who so very nearly upsets the happiness of the four acrobats by falling in love with one of them, Janet Gaynor stands out as being refreshingly sweet and unaffected. She has a piquant little face and personality, but is not given the chance of showing off her acting ability as in "Seventh Heaven." However, she played with her usual grace, and one felt glad that her love story ended happily after all.

CHARLES MORTON'S performance of the chief "devil" is good, especially as he portrays a character which strains one's sympathies to the last degree; and I thought the other two "devils," Anita Fremauld and Barry Norton, did their utmost with rather secondary parts.

A POOR successor to "Two Lovers," but the Tivoli have such a good all-round entertainment otherwise that they will probably fill their theatre over and over again in spite of this drawback.

BY WINIFRED C. HONEY

# MICE and MEN

# THE FALL

*The Bicester have their own particular Eden which, being the brook running round Warden Hill, claims and its crumbling bank*

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

# IN EDEN

*ns many more victims than its original namesake. In the rainy season it assumes formidable proportions nks cause many a spill*

# GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

(No. 6)

BY H. H. HARRIS

LORD CECIL STANDS UPRIGHT

*PARIS GOSSIP*

# *TELEPHONES, TRAVEL and the THEATRE*

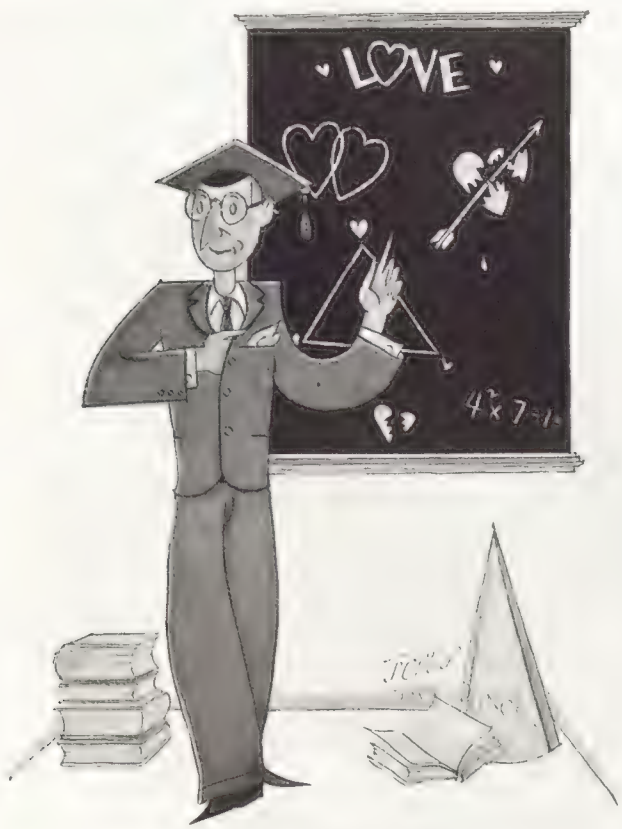
By JAY MARTIN

*Sketches by SCHUS*

*"They came across with three million francs."*

WHETHER the season's low ebb is responsible for sinking so low in regard to my amusements, I don't know. And in spite of the sudden rise of my low curiosity, I retain my healthy optimism. In odd moments, when I have nothing to do, I ring up my friends. And if anyone can find it amusing ever to try to get one's friends by telephone in Paris, one should receive a sort of Nobel Prize. It's a great game, because if you ask for one number, you are likely to tune in on another conversation which is none of your, or my, business. Not that I would listen in on one of my own friend's conversations—far be it from me. Some days ago I asked a pal's number, and suddenly heard a man asking to speak to Mademoiselle Deutsch de la Meurthe. Now, the Deutsch de la Meurthes are very rare birds . . they are very rich and at the same time exceedingly philanthropic. At that time I was very, oh, very broke (advertisement), and the very name of Deutsch de la Meurthe cheered me up immensely. The man on the line asked for Mademoiselle D. de la M., as I said. He was told that she was out. "Hein?" he inquired. "I thought she was dining at home." "No," answered the maid, "she is dining out." "Tiens!" he commented suspiciously, and rang off.

TELEPHONING a fellow quite early the other morning I kept up the good work, and got in on an English voice asking to speak to the Baronne de Rothschild. The man said he was from Busvine, the tailor, so I thought I might hear a choice bit. The Baronne came to the 'phone, and the Busvine man went on at a great rate. It seems that Baronne de Rothschild had written to the tailor for recommendations about some sort of man-servant. And what the tailor had to say about the man-servant, well, my dear! He was drunk all the time: he had been sent at eleven o'clock with a coat to be delivered to Madame Georges Menier ("the chocolate people," I wrote on my cuff), and at three he had not arrived. Baronne de Rothschild laughed and laughed, and it was all I could do not to interfere and ask which Rothschild she was.




*"What does François Proche know about love?"*

NOW, don't tell a *soul*! This is very *confidential*! All you people insist on hearing the latest news of Paris, so if somebody takes a shot at me I hope you will all get together to pay my expenses at the hospital. A certain young nobleman of gentle birth and so on was roped in in the *Gazette du Franc* scandal. His name was used to attract investors. He was simply frantic about it, and when the crash came two of our richest society men, it is said, came across with three million francs, so that he could pay back any of the people who had invested in the *Gazette's* enterprises through confidence in his name. What that name is, though, I won't say—though I *could!*

THE other day I was up at Chantal's, feeling rather silly, as I always do at a dressmaker's, and why not? To hide my embarrassment I tried to look artistic and studied the decorations, which are very charming indeed. The walls are covered in a flat oyster-white silk, the doors are painted a jade green, and at the windows are curtains of a divine coral-pink. I had gotten just that far when my eye was arrested by some pyjamas walking by. The trousers were of brown astrakia, over which was worn a yellow jumper, and over that a little brown jacket.

Between the jumper and jacket was slung a bright green scarf. Billy Leeds, I was told, had ordered a similar pair when he was here recently, to take to his wife, the Princess Xenia, in New York.

PEOPLE do not seem to want to miss a thing at the Ritz. For that reason they endeavour to sit at tables, on either the Vendôme or Cambon side, which are practically on the street. In this way they can see everybody coming in or going out without turning their necks. However, it's quite draughty, so it's a wonder they don't get stiff necks, anyhow. The other day lunching there I saw Mrs. Erskine Gwynne in a little black felt hat, bearing a diamond pin in the shape of a fox, in case she should forget her name, "Fox" being her nickname. She was also wearing a black dress from Patou, and was with the Marquise de San Carlos. At a table on the Cambon side, absolutely out in the middle of the lobby, one sees nearly every day Ramon de Flores, of the Spanish Embassy, with two or three men. The same group have their tea every afternoon on the Vendôme side, at the first table inside the door. On the Vendôme side the most sought-after tables at lunch-time are four or five which are set out in the hall leading to the big restaurant. I saw there the Princess Cito, who left right after for America, and Lady Mendl, who has just returned from there.

I SHALL now become literary and tell you about the grand row that is going on. In the *Nouvelle Revue Française* there is the most amazingly open open letter from André Gide, author of "The Caves of the Vatican" and "The Counterfeiters," to François Proché, author of "L'Amour qui n'ose pas dire son nom." If you don't know what that means you are just as well off. André Gide is very proud of the literary school of which he is the founder, and in his letter accuses Proché of stealing his stuff. What does François Proché know about Love, asks Monsieur Gide? Why, Proché is a two-year-old next to Gide. But if François Proché lacks the authentic background of Gide's expert experiences in love, what a grand tribute it is to the morality of the former!

FROM a bright, cold, blue sky the other morning a snow-storm suddenly appeared. "What fun," remarked Erskine Gwynne, "for Yvonne de Bray to go hopping about in. . . ." Maurice Dekobra, author of "The Madonna des Sleepings," which, they tell me, was a Comedy of Manners, is off to Sweden, from which he is deriving inspiration for "La Madonna des Vikings," the Madonna being another miracle called Greta Garbo. Paul Morand is writing back hot stuff about the Antilles, and the Princess de Polignac is in Egypt, floating about the Nile aboard her *dabieh*. A great deal of travelling is also being done on the subway these days. One of the Parisian newspapers is publishing each day numbers of two Metro tickets. Anyone holding a similar ticket wins one hundred francs.

By A. R. Cane

*"Did you find you had enough supplies for all your unexpected guests?"*

*"My dear, it was terrible. Absolutely* everything *gave out except the scandal!"*

WE could not wait for the opening of Elsie Janis's new show, "Allo, ici Paris," so up we rolled to the Moulin Rouge, and asked for a card for the *répétition générale*. And when we went to the *répétition générale* it had been postponed, so we went in to see the rehearsal, walking back stage through scarlet-painted halls, feeling a bit nervous. And there we sat watching with great glee the director bawling out at the chorus, and the stage hands and the man who operates the lights. Something about us evidently did not please Mistinguett, who is not in the show, but who was sitting in a box, looking things over. So she sent a man over to ask us to go and sit upstairs, as none of the Press was allowed to watch a rehearsal. "Oh, is that so?" said I, "well, it would disturb me very much to sit upstairs; besides, Miss Janis told me I could come." "Oh, that's all right, that's all right," placated the man; "just watch that number, it's quite good." So we watched the number, turning up our noses at Mistinguett. Then Elsie's mother came to watch her child, and sat with us and said she couldn't stand the way French chorus men painted their lips.

THEN the Elsie came on and did her stuff, and I marvelled at her patience with the dumb-bells about her. She never lost her temper, nor her excellent French accent, which is quite an achievement for an American. I don't know if the Editor will print this, but we overheard Mistinguett, who, in an interval, talked to some people in front of us, saying, *à propos* of what I don't know, "Je peux dormir avec n'importe quoi." Some of the scenes are good and some of them are bad, but Elsie is always wonderful. However, as she was not going to rehearse her imitations, we left at about one o'clock, and the man who had tried to up-stage us begged us not to go, but we said we had to go to a party, so he said, "Come back next week when the show is in shape," and we said we would. J. M.

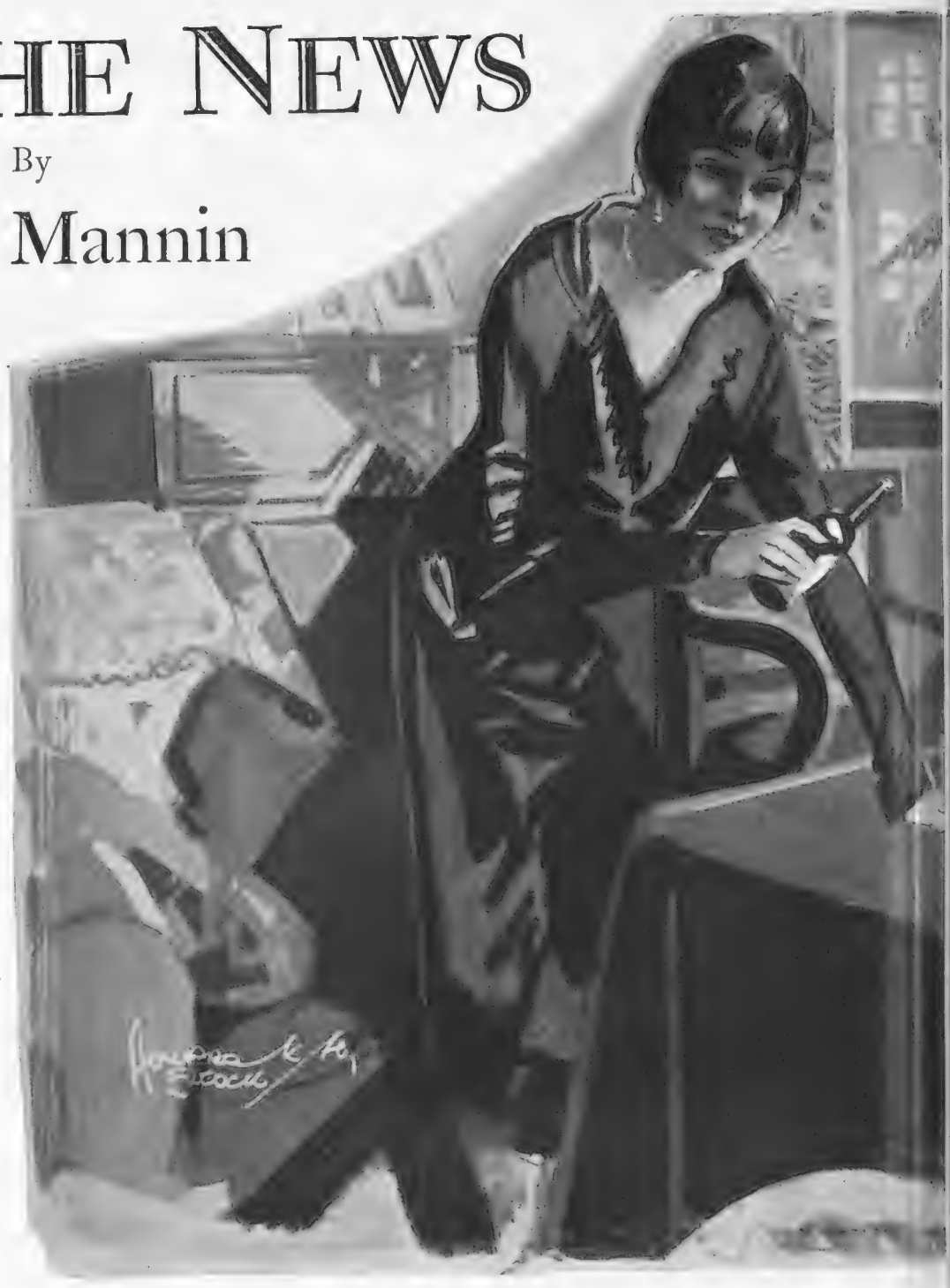
G.P.A.

*Miss Ruth Etting, one of the brightest stars on the Broadway horizon, who has skyrocketed into prominence during the past year. In addition to being featured in the Ziegfeld Follies extravaganza, "Whoopee," she is noted as a recording artist for Columbia, as a radio artist and, most recently, for her work in Paramount "short subject" talking pictures. She will probably be in the company Ziegfeld is bringing to London*

# In The News

By

## Ethel Mannin



In winter, Miritza thought, there was no meal quite so entirely satisfactory as that at tea-time, with drawn curtains, soft lights, fire-glow, and that pervading sense of intimacy and peace and the world shut out.

She settled herself luxuriously now, cushions behind her back, her feet on a footstool, and tea-table drawn conveniently to hand. China tea and small squares of hot toast—was there anything nicer? Nice to be alone, too, once in a way, to read the evening paper over tea. . . .

She read the dress notes and society gossip with her first cup, and with her second skimmed the news. There appeared to be nothing much of interest; no fashionable divorce, not even a wedding; an uninteresting murder in an obscure town in the provinces; the usual matrimonial disputes settled by the local magistrate; the usual street accidents and political reports. Miritza, being alone, permitted herself to yawn. Terribly dull the paper was to-night. . . . What was this, though—"Young Actor in Fatal Car Smash." That combination of "young" and "actor" was intriguing. She thought instantly of Gerald—or rather it was not so much that she thought of him, as that instantly, almost instinctively, her mind swung over to him with the swift association of ideas.

"Late last night Mr. Aubrey Terrence's car was involved in a smash which resulted in the death of a young actor and serious injuries to Mr. Terrence, who has been playing the lead at the Regal Theatre. It appears that Mr. Terrence was giving Mr. Gerald Shale, his understudy, a lift, as Mr. Shale lives some way out of town. . . ."

Miritza did not read any further just then. The rest of the print swam before her unseeing eyes. Gerald! It was preposterous! Incredible! The sort of thing that could not happen in a world in which one drank China tea and ate hot buttered toast with drawn curtains, fire-glow, and shaded lights. . . . It was the sort of thing you read about in books and magazine stories, but which did not really happen. If anything so dreadful had happened to Gerald surely the news would have come to her some other way, not like this, in the news one reads casually over afternoon tea. . . .

But there it was, unmistakably, Gerald Shale, understudy to Aubrey Terrence at the Regal Theatre. Gerald, who lived some way out of town—Beckenham to be exact. Where was Beckenham? Miritza did not know, any more than she knew what sort of life Gerald lived there. Beckenham was such a long way, a world away, from Knightsbridge. Beckenham. . . . It suggested detached and semi-detached villas with high-sounding names, and suburban gentility at one end of the pole, and at the other a dreadful pseudo-modernity affected by *soi-disant* Bohemians. That would be Gerald's set. Gerald and his young wife from the chorus, and their friends, young men with slim figures and double-breasted coats and loose trousers, and young women with yellow hair and scarlet mouths and inadequate skirts. . . .

She had never thought much about Gerald's background before. There had never been any need. She had met him at a party and invited him to her flat because he was young and slim and attractive, and obviously attracted by her; and because Miritza was always a little bored, and collected ephemeral love affairs as some people collect porcelain or ivories. For a little while each new one added to her collection amused and delighted her, but presently it was stored away in memory's cupboard and, if not actually forgotten, at least only fugitively remembered.

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# A STORY OF MAYFAIR AND SUBURBIA

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

*"Mrs. Shale poured her out a Guinness"*

But Gerald Shale had been a little different. So often young men from the stage, thought Miritza, brought with them an atmosphere of the male musical comedy chorus, whether they were in it or not. Gerald suggested drama much more than musical comedy. A rather older and more disillusioned Young Woodley, perhaps. Perhaps Gerald had not particularly wanted to make love to her. He had liked her too much, perhaps. But she had wanted to be kissed by Gerald. Had wanted it from the beginning. Very clearly and vividly she remembered that day when she had decked her sitting room with Madonna lilies, and turned on only one vellum-shaded lamp that gave a chaste, soft, pale light, and she herself had worn black velvet and long pearls, and seated herself in a carved high-backed chair with the lilies behind and above her, and looked like Doris Keane in "Romance." That day she had been swept by a tidal wave of emotion, so that somehow it was natural and inevitable that she should reach out with an impulsive gesture and take his hands, and that he should leap up like a flame from a fire that has long been ready set and needs only the igniting spark, and take her into his arms. . . .

They had been very happy after that, but, with that newly established intimacy, he had lifted some of the veils that hid the life he led apart from her. She caught glimpses of a strange world, a world of long, weary train journeys in Sunday trains to the provinces, travelling third-class merely because there was no fourth; of dingy rooms in manufacturing towns or the outer suburbs; of hotels that catered for the profession; of a strange tongue in which everyone was "old boy" or "ducky"; of strange meals known as "high teas" because there was no time to stop for dinner before going to the theatre; of agents and managers, and long periods of "resting" or being "out of a shop." . . . All this interested Miritza, though sometimes, thinking of Gerald in a striped-papered bedroom in a tenth-rate provincial commercial hotel, she shuddered. Gerald was charming; he did not belong there; and yet—he did belong; it was his world. Sometimes the thought worried her in a fugitive manner, but she would brush it aside and close the door upon those glimpses of Gerald's world, and live with him in the gracious world they had created together in her Knightsbridge flat, with shaded lights, and Madonna lilies, and herself at the piano playing Ravel, or Debussy—as it might be as an antidote to any encroaching of that other life of Gerald's, of "pubs" and "digs" and chorus girls . . .

But it was when Gerald permitted himself to talk of his encounters with female members of the various companies that it was so difficult to keep that outer world from encroaching, because then suddenly Miritza would see a sort of pageant of peroxide haired, carmine-mouthed, inadequately clothed girls who also had yearned for Gerald's kisses . . . That could be very distressing. It was humiliating, and it was no use Gerald insisting that all the best actresses had to work their way up from the chorus, and that many of the chorus girls were so refined that they would bore Miritza herself stiff with their refinement. Miritza quite simply could not believe it. And then Gerald would insist that anyhow it was immaterial, because

he had never been in love with any of them, so what did it matter? That was the only thing that could make it not matter. It probably wasn't very original of Gerald to tell Miritza that she was "quite different" from anyone he had ever met before, but it was what she most loved hearing him say; it served to preserve the distance between the ladies of the chorus and the ladies of Knightsbridge. . . .

But now Gerald would neither seek again his Knightsbridge lady nor any lady of the chorus. Gerald, who had been so intensely and passionately alive, was dead; no more laughing or dancing or loving for Gerald; no more Sunday trains to the provinces; no more parties; no more "high teas"; no more cocktails. . . . Suddenly Miritza was weeping violently, the paper crushed in her hands. It was one of the things that couldn't happen outside of books or magazines or plays, and yet which had happened. How else should the news come to her? She was not his wife; not even his mistress; she was merely, along with the ladies of the chorus, one of the women who had loved Gerald and yearned for his kisses. . . . Madonna lilies in a dim light, and herself in black velvet. . . . Madonna lilies for the loving of Gerald; Madonna lilies for Gerald's grave, and her heart in mourning forever. . . .

Miritza went to see Gerald's wife at Beckenham. Always she had wondered what sort of home Gerald had at remote, unreal Beckenham. Now at last she was to know. There it was, the little trim doll's house, with the front door painted a bright, reckless blue, betokening its defiant pseudo-Bohemianism. And there was Gerald's wife as she had pictured her—only much more so. In these democratic days, of course, one did not use the word "common" any more, but if one did. . . . But no, no, that was stupid, snobbish; it was just that Mrs. Shale was, well, not of the same type—yes, yes, type was the word, not class—as Miritza's friends; but then, of course, Miritza had never been poor, never had to earn her living, never had to manage on less than two thousand a year; it made a difference; it was bound to make a difference. . . . But did it? Even if one had only two hundred a year need one peroxide one's hair? Wasn't it better to wear simple clothes whatever one's income, and to avoid fake jewellery; and because one was on the stage was that any reason for putting a high kick into one's voice . . . . it didn't cost anything to keep one's voice low, and to avoid excessively high-heeled shoes with too many straps. . . .

But no, people had different tastes; she had not gone out to Beckenham to criticise Gerald's wife. Then why had she gone? Curiosity? No, no, there was some subtle, intricate mental process involved with loving Gerald. She wanted at last to realise Gerald's background.

And Mrs. Shale was a kind-hearted girl, and said it was very nice of Lady Anslow to call, and she was afraid she was out of gin, but would she care for a Guinness? Miritza thought it was a new kind of cocktail. Mrs. Shale poured her out a Guinness, and said it was a lovely wreath that Lady Anslow had sent, and told her how kind all her girl-friends had been, even those who had been "catty" when Gerald was alive and tried to "vamp" him away from her. . . .

Of course, she knew Gerald hadn't been really faithful to her, but what could you expect? He was so good looking, and the girls wouldn't leave him alone; oh, she blamed the girls, for Gerald was "a good kid," but, of course, being away so much on tour. . . . She used to feel badly about it; but still, she was no saint herself if it came to that, and even if she and Gerry did quarrel sometimes so that you might think that only the hangman's rope kept their hands off each other, all the same she and Gerry were fonder of each other than a good many people were after they'd been married five years, and she didn't care how many girls Gerry had made love to, he hadn't really cared for any of them, not as he'd cared for her. . . . And then she began to cry, so that her eye-black ran, and Miritza was embarrassed and unhappy and began to wonder why she'd come. . . .

A hennaed girl-friend put her arms round Mrs. Chale and called her "ducky," and poured her out some of the black stuff which Miritza knew now wasn't a new kind of cocktail, and Miritza made her excuses and got away. The girl-friend came to the garden gate with her.

"It's just as well to let her believe that Gerry cared for her more than anyone else," she said. "It would break her heart if she knew about Gerry and me."

Miritza asked faintly, "Why didn't he marry you instead of her?"

"Oh, he didn't meet me till after he was married—and anyhow, I've got a husband of my own, and I think one's enough, don't you?"

Miritza said that personally she thought so.

"It's me that ought to be most upset," pursued the girl, "after all, she was his wife and all the official sympathy is doled out to her; I'm only his girl-friend—and he wasn't even faithful to me. When a fellow can't be faithful to his girl-friend, what chance has his wife got? But then, of course, Gerry was always so temperamental. He'd have been a great actor if he'd lived, don't you think so?"

Miritza said that she was sure he was that already, and climbed into the waiting car.

All the way back from Beckenham to Knightbridge she saw in her mind these two women who had loved Gerald—his wife and his "girl-friend"—and behind them all the others who had mattered less to him, and somewhere in that queue herself. It was preposterous! How it must have gratified Gerald's young-man vanity to be able to include her in the list of his female admirers! She—along with all the others. She—Miritza Lady Anslow!

Surely she had never been mad enough to love this Gerald Shale? Surely she had merely amused herself with him? Incredible that she could ever have yearned for his kisses—like the hennaed girl-friend and his common little wife! Yes, democratic age or not, she would use the word! Common! They were all common, common, common! And Gerald, too, along with them. He must have been, or he could not have associated with them. It was only that he had a presentable appearance and knew how to behave! Oh, it was preposterous that she had ever allowed him to kiss her, to receive him at her flat like an equal! Snobbery? Yes. One had to believe in snobbery. She believed in it, passionately. One had one's pride. . . .

He was dead now, poor Gerald, but even in his death he had dragged her down to the level of his world, and she had been like all the other women who had loved him, and sent flowers. He was dead now, but her resentment would burn for ever. . . .

Her head ached violently. The high-pitched voices of young Mrs. Shale and the girl-friend rang in her head with a persistent telephone bell buzzing. She pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, but could not shut out the sound. It persisted like a telephone bell that is not answered. It persisted until it smashed its way through to her conciousness . . . . and she started up in her seat to hear her maid's voice saying, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Madame, I didn't know you were having a nap, or I wouldn't have disturbed you. It's Mr. Shale on the 'phone, Madame, he wants to know when he can come and see you. Shall I say you're out?"

Gerald . . . . Gerald. . . . Yes, of course. . . . One of the women who loved Gerald. . . . She said confusedly, tangled in the meshes of dreaming, but with reality snapping the threads with every word she spoke, "Mr. Shale? Yes. Tell him—tell him I've gone abroad—yes, to Paris, suddenly. And you don't know when I'll be back. Not for a long time—months—you think I'm going South. . . . "Gerald, impossible young wife . . . . girl-friends from the chorus . . . . why hadn't she realised before. . . . Impatience crept into her voice, "Oh, tell him anything you like—that I'm dead—sick of the palsy—got the plague—but I can't see him . . . ."

"Very good, Madame." The maid retired discreetly, and Miritza picked up the evening paper that had slipped to the floor. That was that, anyhow. Poor Gerald—but then, of course, it couldn't have gone on indefinitely, and she was beginning to tire of him. . . . What had she been reading, now? Oh, yes, about Mr. Aubrey Terrence in the car smash; here it was, "Young Actor . . . ."

Fancy dosing off like that and dreaming it was Gerald. Gerald dead! It was a fantastic thought. . . . But still, so far as Madonna-lily and shaded-light tea-parties were concerned, he was . . . . dead and buried in the mausoleum of memories.

E. M.

BY ELICK

*"We've enjoyed ourselves no end, dearie. We'd love to come agen"*

*"Oh, do! Come next month. We shall be away at Monte, but the servants will entertain you"*

*A RUGGER REVERIE*

# *TWO HOLLOW VICTORIES*

By PENDARVES

THE most pleasant recollections I brought away with me from the last Twickenham International was the sunny, spring-like weather and the pretty lady whom Providence, owing to congestion, placed on my knees in the car going down *and* coming back. Both these aspects of the match were perfect. There was not much else that was very good. Certainly not our side. England, on the day they played Wales, were a team below the standard we expected. They won, I think, only because Wales lacked thrust also, and lacked it rather more.

ARVOLD and Sladen should be left where they are. Smeddle was not at all happy on the right wing, nor was Wilson on the left. And it seemed to me that we missed Arthur Young terribly badly. He would not have been pulverised and smothered as Powell paralysed poor Whitley. He would have "left the building" before Powell could have got round. Added to which Young is an exceptionally powerful man for his size, and is not so jolly easily slung about the place as several people from Wales slung Whitley.

BUT instantly must one say that a man's first International—before 60,000 people, most of whom would tell him they know all about the game—is a fearful ordeal. And that Whitley's pluck was of the highest order. Our new three-quarters were blameless in this respect also. It was just that little lack of finish about two of them which made one anxious about England's coming matches. And the whole line as an attacking force is not strong. Laird at stand-off was magnificent and will surely play three times more for England this year.

Central News

*J. B. Nelson, Scotland's scrum-half, gets away with the ball during the International at Murrayfield. Scotland just managed to win by six points to three, the margin being a penalty goal*

I CAN'T see anything wrong with our forwards. In the loose rushes they were splendid. They were beaten at the line-out because at this Wales were supreme. But the latter did not seem able to do anything much with the ball when they had got it. In Wilkinson we have found a classic roving forward of the Tom Voyce type. To score both the English tries in your first International game is a triumph indeed. In Brown we have a class full-back of whom England may feel very proud.

IF Wales had not been a mediocre side they would have beaten us. They were in our 25 for what seemed hours on end—and nothing happened. In spite of their brilliant individuals, their team as a striking force, which can push home an attack, is, according to past Welsh standards, distinctly poor. Powell was their best player. He is always in the picture whenever he plays. And when he is working a scrum in the English 25 he is very dangerous. He dropped a lovely left-foot goal. But, unhappily for him, the whistle had already been blown for an infringement!

THERE seems to have been trouble up in Scotland. Scotland must have come away very sick at winning

Sport and General

*A vigorous embrace at Twickenham* *J. S. Tucker, the England hooker, breaks through and tackles R. Jones, of Wales, while W. C. Powell and Ivor Jones, of Wales, await eventualities*

# GLIMPSES OF TWICKENHAM FORM

*A general view of the International at Twickenham showing Sladen, the United Services centre-threequarter, about to intercept a pass. An idea of the size of the crowd may be obtained from the packed East stand seen in the photograph*

*J. S. Tucker, the Bristol stalwart, gets the ball out to Whitley, the scrum-half, with Stanbury and Cove-Smith in support Wales, through lack of thrust, lost a mediocre game by 8 points to 3*

*Photographs* *Sport and General*

a game that was absolutely ruined for the players and for the spectators (which latter Scottish Rugger authorities pretend do not exist in their calculations at all—a curious feather, this, in the Scottish bonnet!) by the methods of the French forwards. A continuation of these obstructionist tactics on their part will lose them most of the prestige they have gained in the Rugger world, which is considerable. Scotland does not like this France match—it never has. It will like it less if this goes on. And how stupid of them! In the line-out they were seen to be holding time and time again. And, whether by accident or design one cannot say, their manner of going down with their front row heads made it impossible for the Scottish scrum to pack properly. All Rugger forwards will know how infuriating a thing this is.

And so that match dragged on, before 50,000 disgusted Scottish lovers of the game and keen critics, a spectacle of drab illegalities that do no side any good and its national reputation incalculable harm. One can only hope sincerely that the riot act will be read to France's leading players by those of her Rugger authorities who have helped to bring their game to the otherwise high state of efficiency it now enjoys.

Nor, apparently, are Scotland the least satisfied yet with their 1929 side. There seems to have been some very weak spots. Notably in the case of Ian Smith, who, they tell me, has lost much of his pace since his accident. Well, if the Old Wykehamist has lost *that*, most of his value as their star wing three has gone with it. When one saw I. S. Smith receive the ball in a decent position, travelling at umpteen miles an hour, it usually meant a certain try. That seems to be the case no longer.

For their game against Wales next Saturday, at Swansea, G. G. Aitken, not a success, gives place to Gow Brown, who comes in on the other wing, Simmers moving to the centre, where he is equally deadly. The rest of the side remains the same. They would seem to have a fairly easy task unless the Welsh team has a bit more sting put into its tail than when last it played.

PENDARVES.

# MISS 1929 "WEARS THE TROUSERS"

Central Press

*Miss Nord, a young "Miss 1929," is seen here superimposed on a view of the courts at Nice. She is dressed in a strikingly modern sporting creation, consisting of a bright waistcoat in wool, in shades of red and beige to match her sandals, and men's white flannel trousers and shirt*

# THE RIDDLE OF THE RIVIERA

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THERE'S going to be lots of fun on the Riviera. Nice, apparently tired of being the humble foster-sister of Cannes and Monte Carlo, of being ignored in the fashionable gossip of the place, and regarded simply as the Mecca of the retired French bourgeoisie and the cinema-loving and bar-crawling English and Americans without social yearnings, has thrown a bomb. And such a bomb! She has built, furnished, and adorned what I honestly believe to be the most marvellous Casino in the world. I'll talk about it a little later on, but at present I am staggered by the immensity of the idea, the almost dramatic perfection of the execution.

NICE seems to have realised that nothing but the stupendous could force the fashionable gamblers of Cannes and the sedate but more comfortable players of Monte Carlo to acknowledge her existence. She has achieved the stupendous. The most hardened Monte Carloite, the most prejudiced loiterer in the rooms at Cannes, will have to obey her beckoning finger. What the result will be, whether the whole face of the Riviera will be changed by this tremendous enterprise, is on the knees of the gods. Nice may again become the centre of fashionable life, in which case the great American millionaire who is financing this great project will be looked upon as one of the most famous men in the South of France.

IT is quite impossible on a first visit to gain anything but a vague idea of the Palais de la Mediterraneé, its size is such that a clear general impression eludes one, for one's breath is taken away by its magnificence. From the size of the exterior, its restrained beauty and almost Doric architecture, I had at least expected a sense of space when I first entered those majestic doors, but I had not expected so great a sense of vastness. Yet this vastness is not displeasing, for there is nothing cold about it, and for this fact the modern art of concealed lighting is responsible. The world has at last learnt how to illumine without offending. Apart from three immense and lovely glass chandeliers in the restaurant, all the lights are hidden, and yet a sufficient and soft radiance is diffused throughout, chiefly behind frosted glass panels of various colours and futuristic design.

ON entering one is confronted by the most marvellous flight of marble stairs, broad enough to include six ordinary staircases; it seems to be the concrete expression of the fairy palace of one's dreams. One mounts to the restaurant by one of these magic stairways, silvered banisters support one on the one hand, and on the other there is a wall inlet with mirrors at least sixty feet in height. To reach the restaurant one passes through a large marble-paved foyer, in the centre of which is a huge sunken bed of bright pink azaleas, which decorative colour is repeated throughout the restaurant. It is a magnificently proportioned room, huge, but comfortable, with two excellent orchestras and an immense stage, upon which the Tiller Girls of Paris give an excellent performance. There are one hundred waiters, yet the room did not look overstaffed; and when one realises that the management and many of the staff come from that very perfect little Casino at Juan-les-Pins it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the excellence of the food.

I WAS unable to remain and dance as we had to go down to the theatre of the Casino to see Sacha Guitry and the inimitable Yvonne Printemps perform in *Mariette*, an excellent show, admirably produced and perfectly acted. The theatre is in keeping with the rest of this palatial building—a most artistic *chef-d'œuvre* combining simplicity of decoration with real comfort—and comfortable seats are a rare occurrence in a French theatre. My only criticism being that French shows are too long-

*A view from the first tee of the Cagne-sur-Mer golf course, showing the trees bursting into early Spring foliage. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the match between the Monte Carlo and Riviera Bridge Clubs*

# JIX DODGES THE CAMERA MAN

*Jix—also known as Sir William Joynson-Hicks—the Home Secretary, was in this party of Lady de Bathe's at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, Monte Carlo. Lady de Bathe, Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Capt. D'Albai and Mrs. Putt are seen here, but Jix discreetly kept out of the photographer's range*

*The ex-Maharajah of Indore seated on the terrace of his apartment in the Hotel des Anglais, Cannes, and enjoying a morning of Riviera sunshine*

drawn out, with far too lengthy intervals. However, the idea is, presumably, that when in a few days' time the baccarat rooms open, patrons of the theatre will be able to lose a certain sum of money to the Casino during the entractes. Anyway, there are to be four different bars in which to refresh oneself, but God forbid that I should be there when they are all opened. The one I did sample was most satisfactory, the drinks being excellent and at a reasonable price, and the chairs most comfortable, although I thought that their futuristic design was a little unsuitable, unkind to those who are serious frequenters of bars.

THE baccarat rooms are extremely impressive. The main room is enormous, and relies chiefly for decoration upon a large number of blue glass windows of intricate design, each having the picture of an old-fashioned sailing ship in the centre.

An innovation here which should be appreciated by serious gamblers is that the high table is in a room apart; a delightful small room it is, too, completely panelled in a highly polished walnut. The idea, of course, being to permit heavy gamblers to play in comparative peace without the incessant crowding and excitement that prevail round the big table at Cannes. Altogether I have seldom been more impressed and interested than during my visit to this Casino.

LEAVING Nice to its most interesting future, let us survey the doings of the rest of this small world. The season is at last really beginning, and to celebrate its advent a new Blue Train has been put on. It is particularly luxurious, with nothing but single compartments, but for this extra luxury a further 100 frs. has been added to the price of the ordinary Blue; to return to England (single fare) by this new train one is now permitted the privilege of paying £16. Nevertheless, it is crowded, and Cannes is undoubtedly the most popular stop. The other night there was a most successful Diner Fleuri at the Ambassadeurs, and the very fine dining-room was marvellously decorated, chiefly with a profusion of camelias. Among the vast crowd dining were Lord and Lady Aberconway, Sir John Latta, Sir Woodman Burbidge, and Sir Coleridge Kennard.

I SAW the Duke of Westminster dining at Ciro's in Monte Carlo the other night, and later at the Sporting Club, with a gorgeous pile of 300,000 frs. in front of him, mostly winnings at the time, I believe, but whether he kept them or not I do not know. He bets, generally standing, at roulette and trente et quarante simultaneously.

Politics have been well represented by a short visit from Mr. Lloyd George, who, with his wife, Lady Carey Evans, and Miss Megan Lloyd George, arrived in their yacht *Sabrina* from Cannes, but have now left *en route* for Genoa. Sir William Joynson-Hicks was at a lunch party given by Lady de Bathe at the Ambassadeurs. It was at Ciro's that I saw the wonderful Mrs. Satterthwaite, who apparently finds it perfectly simple to play tennis all day and dance all night, and to do both extremely well.

# TRIBUTE to FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

*Captain Reginald Berkeley's play at the Garrick Theatre has Florence Nightingale for its central figure. This part is beautifully played by Edith Evans, who is seen above as the Lady with a Lamp in her youthful days, and on the right, in the last stages of her life*

*Photographs by Pollard Crowther*

*MOTOR NOTES*

# SEGRAVE GOES FORTH TO WAR

## HIGH SPOTS OF HIS CAR AND BOAT. By E. M. WRIGHT

BY HOUGHTON

*Major H. O. D. Segrave, from a sketch made at a special sitting*

I KNEW that there would be no holding down this fellow Segrave. When he returned from America with the world's record after that first visit two years ago, which was so brilliantly successful, he told us that he was retiring for good from all forms of motor car racing, don't you know. We gathered that he was going in for potting bulbs, or something of the kind, with an occasional day's sport at tuning and testing the lawn mower. He was, of course, to have his intervals of recreation at some placid amusement, such as drifting about the Thames with a 100 h.p. hydroplane—that much he admitted. Officially, however, we said goodbye to the figure that had become so familiar in its white overalls and cap at every race meeting of importance in Europe, and which Daytona had made world famous.

***

BUT I knew that if ever the record went into foreign hands he would be at his old tricks again. And sure enough here he is. He makes out now that he had qualified the announcement of his retiring by saying that "if the Americans regained the world's speed record and held it for more than six months he would do his best to bring it back to this country." I do not remember the statement myself, but we need not question it. Does it not show the kind of man "our" Major Segrave is, that, having earned an honourable retirement from an exceedingly precarious pastime, he should actually offer excuses for returning to it.

***

THE new car looks like a slice of Handley-Page wing with a gigantic blister along the middle to streamline the engine and driver, and two high, narrow, but shapely, boxes on each side to contain the wheels and what-nots. Everything, of course, is specially designed and constructed for the job. The chief novelties are the use of vacuum power to assist in working the clutch, as the springs are so terrifically powerful; twin propeller shafts leading from each side of the three-speed gear box to the back axle; aircraft type radiators which are slung along each side between the wheels; and the emergency cooling whereby the water is automatically by-passed through a kind of refrigerator if the engine becomes unduly hot.

***

THE body, built by Thrupp and Maberly, is a masterpiece of streamlining, and the centre section around the driver is armoured to give some sort of protection. One of the cleverest things about the design is the position of the driver's seat low down between the twin propeller shafts; another novelty is the use of what are practically gun-sights to steer the car by a distant mark, for, of course, the driver can see nothing of the front of the car or the foreground. The shape of the body has been worked out not only to reduce wind resistance to a minimum, but to make use of the pressure to keep the car on the ground at high speed, while there is a large tail fin to help to keep it straight. With the car Segrave is taking an entirely new type of speed-boat—called "Miss England"—for an attempt on the world's record on water, which at present stands to the credit of America at 92.83 m.p.h. The propeller itself will create a world's record, for it has to run at a speed of 6,550 r.p.m.

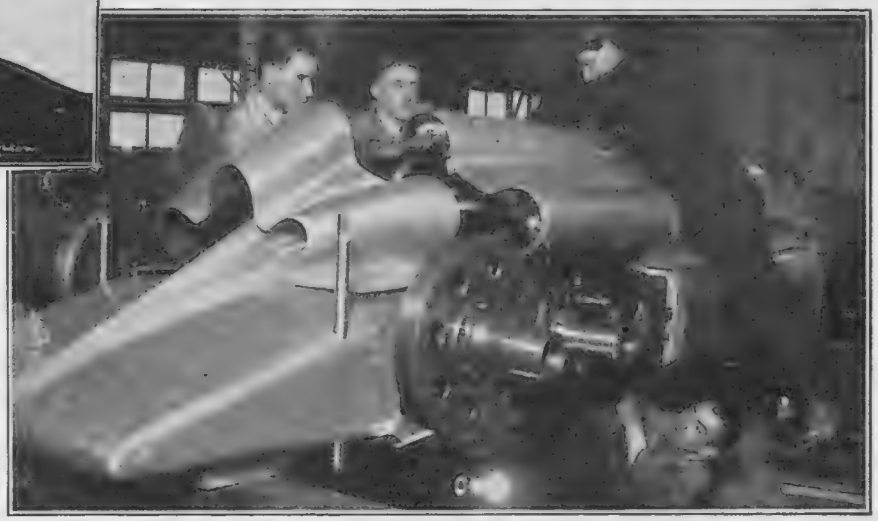
***

THE design of the car, which is called the "Golden Arrow"—or more officially the "Irving Special"—is the work of Captain J. S. Irving, who is also responsible for the layout of the machinery in the boat. The engine for boat and car is the same type of twelve-cylinder Napier "Lion" as that used by the British R.A.F. team that won the last Schneider Cup contest. The assembly of the car was carried out by the Robinhood Engineering Works (makers of K.L.G. plugs) at Putney Vale.

***

YET another novelty in this attempt was the exhibition of the car to the public before it went abroad. This was thanks to the enterprise of Rootes, Ltd., who lent their enormous showrooms at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, for the purpose. Even then, large as are the Rootes showrooms, some of the window framing had to be removed to admit these strange twins—for both car and boat were on view at the same time.

(*Continued on page 238*)



*Keystone*

*An interesting photograph of mechanics at work upon Major Segrave's "Golden Arrow," in which he will attempt to make a new speed record at Daytona Beach, Florida. The "Golden Arrow" was on view at Rootes, Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1*

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(Continued from page 236)

IT could not be long before the talking film came to be employed for commercial purposes, and motorists will be interested to learn that the first instance of a speaking picture being used as a medium of publicity comes from the motor industry. It was recently employed by Graham-Paige Motors in America to convey a message to dealers from the three Graham brothers.

* * *

PORTABLE projectors were used in this instance, but it is not difficult to see that when every cinema has a talking installation the short-length advertising film will be much more interesting than it is in our cinemas to-day. In addition to seeing a motor car made, we can now hear the process. I hardly know whether to hail this as another advance in the application of science to industry, or as a new horror added to life.

* * *

THE car of the year is the sportsman's *coupé*, a term originally introduced by the Rover Co., who still make probably the most elegant examples of the type on their 10 h.p. four-cylinder and 2-litre six-cylinder chassis. The sportsman's *coupé* is what the Americans call a "close-coupled" four-seater saloon, namely, a four-seater in which the front seats are given as much room as could be wished for, while the rear seats have to be content with what is left, leg room being provided by sinking wells in the floorboards. Such a car combines all the attractiveness and manœuvring capability of the two-seater with the intimacy of a cosy and compact saloon.

*Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain seen with their 20 h.p. Humber Saloon. The Foreign Secretary celebrated his return to health and work by investing in yet another British car*

WE published a photo last week showing that this type of body is now available on one of the cheapest and most popular British chassis, namely, the Singer Junior, the Singer people having introduced a very elegant little model with wire wheels, lock-up trunk, etc., at the low price of £175. And now Wolseley Motors, Ltd., have introduced a sportsman's *coupé* of genuine Weymann construction—built, in fact, by the Weymann Company—at remarkably low prices. This body is available on the two Sixes, the 16-45 h.p. and the 21-60 h.p., and on the 21-60 h.p. eight-cylinder, the prices being respectively £399, £440, and £550.

* * *

THE two rear seats are of the folding emergency variety, it being intended that the back compartment should be used more for luggage and sporting equipment; but by paying the moderate sum of £7 extra a full-width sprung seat may be obtained at the rear with foot wells sunk into the floorboards. A folding sunshine roof is also obtainable at £13 15s. extra. Wire wheels and Triplex glass are other extras at £10 each.

* * *

WHEN the new 15 h.p. six-cylinder Standard made its appearance at Olympia it was not generally appreciated that the Special model at £365 was equipped with central chassis lubrication in addition to a number of other refinements. The system employed is the Tecalemit and its action is on the Servo principle, for it comprises a pump worked by suction from the induction pipe of the engine, in the same way that many brakes are now operated.

E. M. W.

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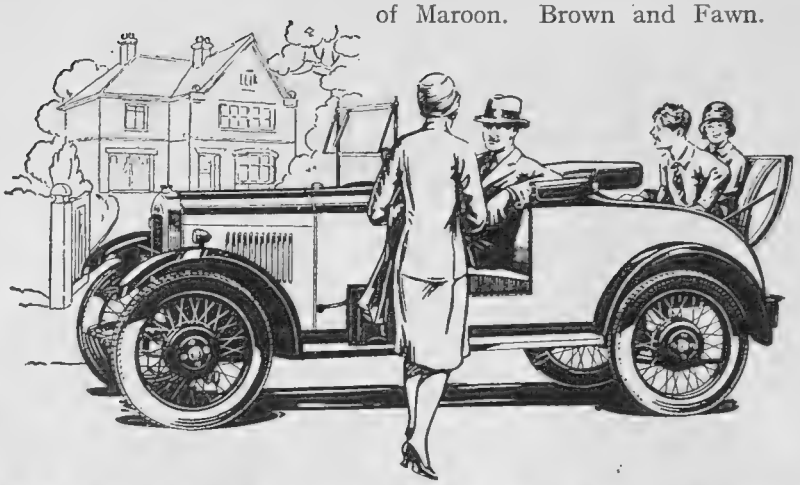

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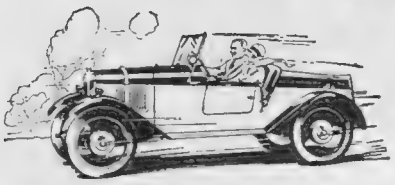

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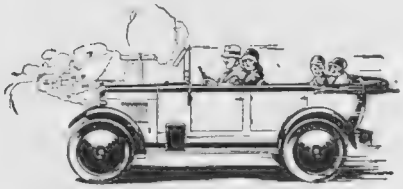
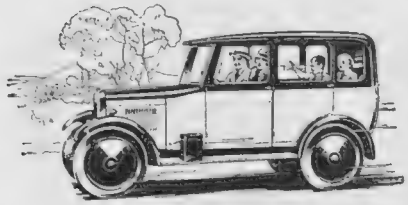
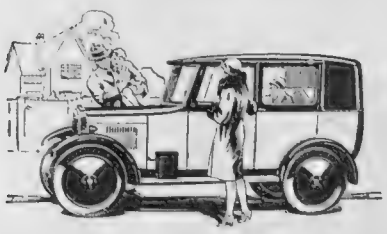


**JUNIOR Four Seater £140**
Two shades of Blue. Two shades of Maroon. Brown and Fawn.



**JUNIOR Saloon £160**
Blue and Black top. Maroon and Black top. Fawn and Brown top.



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Fawn and Brown. Roof winds up or down from the driver's seat.

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# SINGER "JUNIOR"

# The Full-size Light Car

H.P.

DOGS

# WHICH IS THE BEST BELOVED?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day's family gathering of all the sixteen branches of the well-loved Terrier clan (the National Terrier Club's Show at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster) and the approach of the biggest all-round Dog Show in the world (Cruft's, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, next Wednesday and Thursday) have doubtless given their fillip to this month's recrudescence of the old inquiry from novices and prospective amateurs: Which is the most popular breed of Dogs?

The answer is, Not so much a lemon as a wriggle; or else: "There ain't no sich person." How, for instance, compare the popularity of the Fox Terrier—Who has not owned one?—with the popularity of, say, the Irish Wolfhound or the St. Bernard, or the Bloodhound; so greatly beloved of those who know them best, and so necessarily much less common as members of the average household? Again, there are whole areas in which "Dog" almost means "Whippet," or Race Dog; or where it means "Sheepdog," or one of the varieties of Gundog.

Immediately after the War came the meteoric rise to fame and popularity of the German Sheepdog, under the designation of Alsatian Wolfdog. That rise, swifter and more spectacular than any previously known to dogdom, a couple of years ago put Alsatians right at the top of the poll. But to-day they have slipped a bit, to the plane of five or six years back; and official statistics of canine Society (with a capital "S," please; meaning Dogs of pedigree and parts) now give pride of place to that most lovable native-born, the Cocker Spaniel, followed, more or less in this order, by Fox Terriers, Wire and Smooth, Irish Red Setters, Sealyhams, Pekingese, Cairn Terriers, Chow Chows, Great Danes, Labradors, Airedales. But others forge steadily ahead with never a sign of looking back, such as Irish Wolfhounds, Elkhounds, Bulldogs, Bull Terriers, and several more; and, in any case, as "E. V. L." aptly says:

*Yet why compare? All Dogs on earth*
*Possess some special charm and worth.*
*But Cocker Spaniels? Every way,*
They *are the kennel's angels,* they.

If you want the cold evidence of figures these can always be obtained from central authority: the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, or the Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3; and if you like the evidence of your own eyes and preference, take pencil and note-book with you to the Terrier Show in Westminster to-day, and, for the whole world of dogdom, to Cruft's unique parade of next week at Islington, where Spratts will be benching and feeding the choicest specimens of all the eighty odd breeds, and the expert judges and fanciers will be gathered together from all corners of the earth—a wonderful opportunity for the acquisition of every form of doggy lore.

To judge from readers' letters, everyone would like to see passed the Bill to which the Lords have given second reading, to give power to the courts to refuse the issue of a Dog licence to any person convicted of cruelty. The thing seems obviously just, and, if established, one devoutly hopes occupants of the Bench will make better use of it than they have done so far of two other important powers: that of imprisonment without the option of a fine for gross cruelty to animals; and that of ordering removal from the custody of the convicted person the animal victim of his cruelty. Both might be made of immense value as deterrents and preventives, and both are quite unpardonably neglected by the courts. The kind of human degenerate who can be guilty of the most revolting kinds of cruelty is the precise kind who can be guilty also of wreaking his spite on the same helpless victim, after being penalised, say, to the extent of a forty-shilling fine, for an offence, in my mind, justifying a flogging, or, at the very least, three months' hard.

Photo Vandyk

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Copy of a letter received 20th December, 1928.

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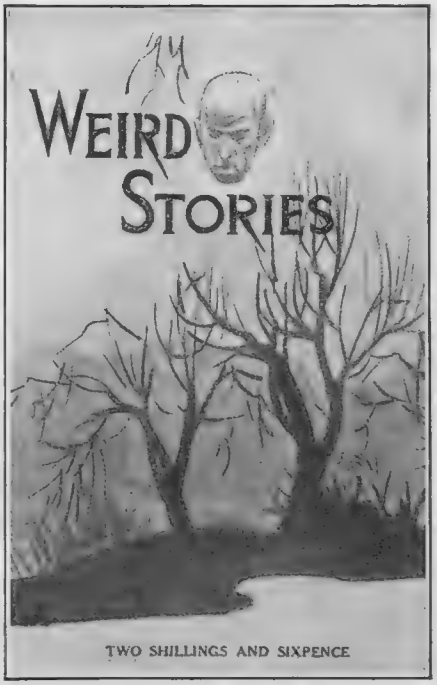


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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

# WOMEN'S HEROES AND MEN'S

By RALPH STRAUS

One makes mistakes fairly easily about authors. Last week I took up a novel by a writer unknown to me, who had put initials only in front of his surname on the title-page. A man, yes; but after reading his book I was firmly convinced that the writer was a woman, though if you ask me why, I am not sure that I could give any definite answer.

❋

But these things do happen. Years ago I remember William J. Locke telling me of the *Spectator's* touchingly brief review of his first novel. "This," it ran, "is the work of an obviously neurotic woman." Once, too, some strange female critic found "strong internal evidence" in one of my own novels to show that its author really belonged to her sex. Well, well.

❋

This brings me to a question which has recently been raising itself up in my mind. Is there any real difference to-day between the average hero in a woman's novel and the average hero in a man's? Probably there is, but if so, it is less noticeable, I fancy, than it used to be. At the same time (and at the risk of appearing highly offensive), I hazard the opinion that, while the masculine portraits remain what may be called academic, more and more of the feminine ones are becoming curiouser and curiouser.

❋

Psycho-analysis, or, rather, the huge amount of nonsense talked about it, must be largely responsible. Nowadays we seem to be definitely past the stage when "certain things must not be mentioned," and, as likely as not, the poor hero, no longer Ouidaesquely strong nor Corellishly silent, is little more than one large bundle of the most blood-curdling repressions. It is really dreadful—the difficulties with which these tortured creatures have to contend. The trouble is that if things continue much longer in this way no novelist can hope to write a really successful novel before taking a medical degree.

❋

Take, for instance, Ethel Mannin's new book, *Crescendo* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*). In places it is undeniably entertaining. Conceivably it may shock a few timid souls, for it is written with a pleasantly scornful disregard for convention. I could wish that a few more of its pages were unencumbered with psychological inexactitudes, but that is not to say that the portraits are not good. But, Golly, as Mr. Belloc would say, what a hero! Gilbert Stroud is certainly abnormal. He dislikes women—apparently because his stepmother once slashed his wrist with a knife—but he cannot leave them alone. Also he has the most peculiar men friends. Stemway and Bernhardt and Raymore are all believable—I have met them myself—but what a crew! Will the ordinary reader care two hoots about them? Will he or she care very much when Gilbert Stroud finds that his "icicle" of a wife has been

Raphael

*Miss Ethel Mannin, whose new book, "Crescendo (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page. A short story by Miss Mannin appears on pages 228–230 of this issue*

unfaithful and strangles her? Personally, I do not believe in that murder. I think that this Canadian "hero" would have shrugged his shoulders, and gone abroad again in search of new friends.

❋

The Strouds, by the way, seem to be an unfortunate family. Another branch of them is to be heard of in Barbara Hedworth's first long novel, *The White Flame* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This, like *Crescendo*, is entertaining and outspoken and not without its quota of oddities. The white flame, of course, is Purity, and, with one not very important exception, everybody is almost unnaturally pure. The hero, Val Stroud, is so pure that nothing goes right for him. Like his Canadian cousin he marries the South Pole, in this case a very pure woman who loves, in a very pure way, her husband's guardian. The guardian is also immensely pure, though why he did not marry the girl himself when he had the chance and send his ward packing, I do not know. Finally, there is Gypsy Vane, the dancer, who has vamped (quite purely, of course) the unfortunate Val for years, and she remains pure until the last chapter, when she is required to save the poor disillusioned man from going off his head.

Put in this way, the story sounds exceedingly crude and stupid. It is not that. Yet I doubt very much whether Val would remain such a noodle after going through the War and being blinded, and I also doubt whether Gypsy would have remained so pure, knowing that the man she loved was married and cared nothing for her. Some women might, but surely not the applause-loving pagan-like Gypsy? However, you never know—with women.

❋

It is a very different type of hero that we find in Anthony Bertram's new book, *The Sword Falls* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.*). His Albert Robinson is the "ordinary little man" without further ambition than to own a little house in the suburbs and a little family to put into it. These duly become his, and there seems no reason why he should not die as he lived, a harmless little mollusc.

❋

But the War comes, and Albert's son does not return from France, and his house is bombed out, and his wife nearly loses her reason. And so Albert goes for a soldier, and has amazing adventures in France, and returns to be robbed of everything he ever possessed. Yet at the end he is still carrying on "at the office," his usual, cheerful, unaspiring self. Unlike the Strouds, however, he really is a hero, and it says much for Mr. Bertram's artistry that he can interest us in Albert as much in his placid career at home as in the incredible adventure abroad.

❋

This story may lack a little of the tragic grandeur that made of *The Pool* so exceptional a novel, but it is an extremely satisfactory book, playful and serious by turns, always reading like the simple truth. And you certainly do not miss the people with kinks who are so conspicuously absent. Why should you? "Ordinary" people can be just as exciting as anybody else.

❋

It is the same with another Albert, the hero of C. S. Forester's new novel, *Brown on Resolution* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This Albert had a future admiral for his father, but he is never told so for the simple reason that his admirable mother had no marriage lines. The earlier chapters describe how he came to exist—a delicate romance in itself. The later chapters describe his glorious single-handed fight on Resolution Island against the whole crew of the German cruiser from which he has escaped. He dies miserably enough on the island, a leading seaman who has just done his duty, and nobody knows what he has done; but there is an admiral who gets the credit for sinking that cruiser. This is a charming example of Mr. Forester's work.

BY DE ROBEO

*Young Wife: "I really think I prefer that other one. It has a* much *nicer expression"*

# "King George IV"

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667 B

*FLYING NOTES*

# AN EMPIRE AIR RACE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

### *Forward—A Sportsman*

EFFORTS are being made at the present time to change the course of the present King's Cup Race, making it a flight from Croydon to Egypt and back, or even as far as India. To modern machines the distance involved is not great, although certain minor changes would have to be made in the rules to permit small replacements being made *en route*. If the suggestion is impracticable, a unique opportunity exists for some sportsman to offer a worthy trophy for an Empire race, which would not merely capture the public imagination, but assist the development of faster machines for long-distance touring.

### *News from Stag Lane*

CAPT. DE HAVILLAND has been flying Lady Bailey's machine before it is overhauled, and was agreeably surprised to find that it still flew "hands off," which is a remarkable tribute to the sturdy construction of the "Moth." Another attack of "Moth fever" has broken out in China, four more Gipsies having been ordered early in the New Year.

Mr. Alan Butler is on a visit to the company's works in Canada, which are extending rapidly to cope with the great demand for British light 'planes in the Dominion. Meanwhile, Major Hereward de Havilland, who has been putting the Moth into the air for the last three years in Australia, has returned home to test the latest products designed specially for work in the Colonies.

### *An Air Port in the Making*

WITH 200 acres at their disposal, forming the largest estate which remains near London suitable for aircraft, National Flying Services propose to construct two aerodromes, one for club use and the other for commercial work and demonstration purposes. Hanworth Park will be one of our most accessible aerodromes, being only twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner *via* the Great West Road, and a little over twenty minutes from Waterloo. By air it can be easily reached from any direction without crossing congested housing areas, which is a great advantage in thick weather.

*Flt.-Lieut. J. E. Allen, the instructor of the Liverpool Aero Club, seen giving a lesson to some of the members at the Aerodrome at Hooton, Cheshire. This club was formed last July, but there are already two hundred members*

### *An Ideal Country Club*

WITH the object of providing plenty of indoor amusement, Hanworth House is being redesigned, with a large cabaret dining-room, lounges, card-rooms, ballroom, not forgetting billiards and the bar. There will be at least twenty bedrooms, and, of course, servants' quarters and a large garage for cars. Queen Elizabeth once had a house on this site, and the old Dutch garden, which still exists, was planted under her direction.

*Hanworth House makes an ideal country club for flying folk. It is being redesigned with a large cabaret dining-room, lounges, card-rooms, ballroom, a billiards room and a bar*

### *Our Marine Air Ports*

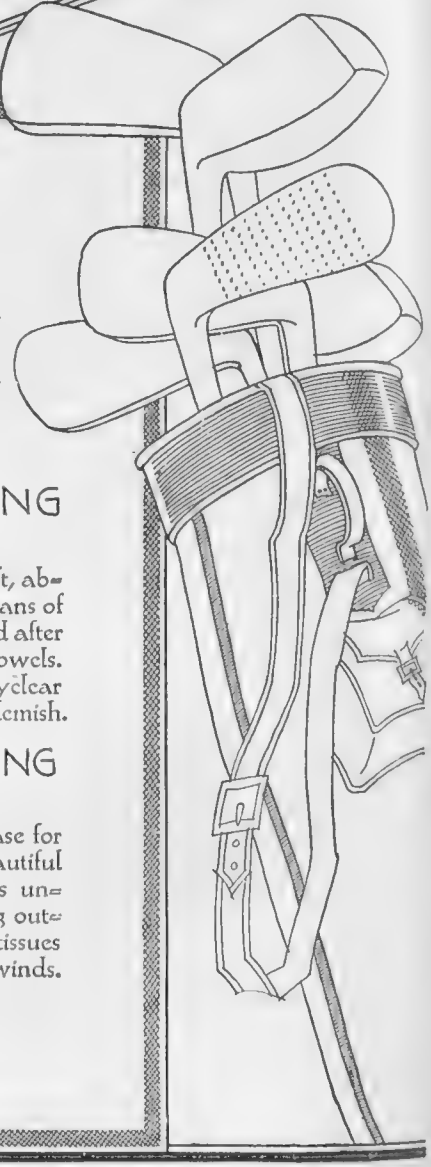
SOUTHAMPTON has been for some years a Customs station for sea-planes, being used principally by Imperial Airways for their service to the Channel Islands. Dover Harbour was licensed for Customs purposes last year, when a French company proposed to rob the Channel crossing of its terrors by making the air passage in fifteen minutes. In neither of these cases has the town taken an interest in the proceedings, nor, for that matter, have operating companies been at much pains to introduce, or even advertise, the pleasures of flying over the water to their nearest clients.

On the East Coast, however, where the climate is more bracing, local enterprise is providing us with a first-class municipal war. The rivals are Harwich, Hull, and Edinburgh, each wishing to establish the first marine air port for North Sea traffic, with connections to all parts of Europe.

### *Our University Air Squadrons*

THE advantages at Oxford and Cambridge for the study of one of our most modern services are two-fold. The theory of flight is explained in the lecture hall, and practical work on the engineering side can be carried out in the laboratory. In addition, the art of flying, which is the application of knowledge gained on the ground, can be practised in the air by all who desire it. It can only be a matter of time before all our universities offer flying training in their ordinary book of words. Aviation is destined to play such an important part in our future progress as a nation that it will attract an ever-increasing number of the best brains in the country.

# The IDEAL "LADIES' FOURSOME"



*Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener, Pond's Vanishing Cream* - - - the ideal "ladies foursome" for the care of the skin; if you do not already use them, read about them below and then send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 17 ) 103 St. John Street, E.C.1 for a generous sample of all four to try. Personal trial is really the only satisfactory way to find out about these things.

## 1 POND'S COLD CREAM

*Pond's Cold Cream.* The oils of which this pure cream is composed sink into the depths of the pores and dissolve the impurities which gather there. A gentle massaging motion with the finger tips then brings oils and impurities to the surface.

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## 3 POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

*Pond's Skin Freshener.* Used after the Cold Cream has been removed, this skin tonic closes the pores and gives a wonderful feeling of freshness. It also serves to banish the last trace of the cream.

## 4 POND'S VANISHING CREAM

*Pond's Vanishing Cream.* As a base for powder and to give the skin a beautiful lustre, Pond's Vanishing Cream is unrivalled. Use it always before going out-of-doors, to guard the delicate tissues from the coarsening effect of cold winds.

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*Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box, 2/6 and 1/6.*
*Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle, 5/6, 3/- and 1/-.*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

FASHION'S FANCIES

# GAIETY is the KEYNOTE of the NEW MODES

By CYNTHIA

**MISS HELEN McKIE**

the well-known "Bystander" artist, on and from February 6, will feature each week on these pages ***the very latest dress design,*** selected from the most exclusive models from the leading London or Paris couturiers.

*EVERY woman who wants to see the LATEST will watch these pages.*

The flowing lines of the skirt of this lovely dress of scarlet lace and net would greatly enhance the grace of its wearer. (Harvey Nichols)

### *The Charm of Simplicity*

THE lack of any drastic changes in the form of the *ensembles* which are to be seen at the important dress shows is balanced by the amazing versatility of the newest fabrics, trimmings and accessories. Scarves, kerchiefs, waistcoats, and what used to be called "modesty vests" play a conspicuous part, and with the coming of the Spring our love of lingerie collars and cuffs will assuredly be revived.

### *Innovations in Handbags*

MORE attention than ever is bestowed upon the handbag, and many fascinating novelties are to be found among them. At Mappin and Webb's I was shown one made of Barosa, the skin of a fish which inhabits the Dead Sea. It has to be bleached and then dyed, and is rather like a very fine shagreen. This particular model had a marcassite and cornelian mount. On the left at the foot of this page is an antelope bag which is obtainable in beige or black, with a lacquer and crushed eggshell mount. Next to it is one in beautifully grained crocodile with a novel silver-gilt mount. Thirdly comes a model in black antelope adorned with crystal and marcassite; and lastly there is a very useful affair of coloured morocco.

### *Radiant Hues and Youthful Lines*

MOLYNEUX created the charming dress and coat sketched on this page. It is of black and white figured marocain, and the kerchief which is swathed round the hips is an integral part of the gown. The little cardigan coat is of black wool georgette, lined with *crêpe de Chine,* the narrow border of marocain forming a perfect finish. The beautiful evening dress is made of scarlet needlerun lace, edged with net, its sole adornment being a crystal buckle. The "peacock" skirt looks particularly attractive when fashioned in such delicate fabrics as these. These, and many other forecasts of the coming fashions, may be found in the salons of Harvey Nichols.

Black and white marocain has been used by Molyneux for the creation of this suit, which is delightfully fresh and simple. (Harvey Nichols)

A lacquer and eggshell mount adorns this bag of antelope, while the one which is made of crocodile has a novel mount of silver gilt. (Mappin and Webb)

Here crystal and marcassite are allied on a bag of black antelope, while the serviceable affair in the corner is made of coloured morocco. (Mappin and Webb)

# A CELANESE SPRING SONG

Jean Latour shows, in this dignified dress for the afternoon, a modified version of the hemline which dips at the back. Carried out in red Celanese Crêpe Malika, the simplicity of its lines throws into relief the richness of its colouring

A very demure little frock of cactus green Crêpe Malika which has been created by Philippe et Gaston. The neat turned-down collar, the quaint gauntlet cuffs, and the extremely clever manipulation of the tucks and pleats make it most distinctive

THE Spring will be even more lovely than usual this year, for the delicacy and freshness of the leaves and flowers will be rivalled by the beauty of the new fabrics which will be seen as soon as the warm days come. That Celanese fabrics are certain to be regarded with great favour was demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt at a mannequin parade which was held last week at the Capitol, and which will later be seen in the Provinces. Each ensemble was made in a Celanese material by one of the leading Paris couturiers, in whose hands their suppleness and richness, the purity and depth of their colouring, and their extraordinary versatility were shown to perfection. The loveliest of garments for every possible occasion were displayed, from picture frocks in Celanese taffetas and net to walking suits in Celanese satin and teagowns in Celanese georgette; such world-renowned designers as Germaine Lecomte, Martial et Armand, Paul Caret and Brandt being among their creators.

Celanese Malika in the new Biskra shade has been used by Jenny for this charmingly feminine frock. The long tight sleeves are adorned with graduated tucks, as is the graceful skirt, the fullness of which is very cleverly controlled at the left side

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# MOËT & CHANDON

## CHAMPAGNE

*DRY IMPERIAL* *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY.

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.

The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

# THE GOURMET: : *Conducted by* EMILIA

### *Bacon Sandwiches*

CUT some thin slices of bacon and thin slices of bread the same size. Dip the latter in milk for a moment, and then lay a piece of bacon between two slices of the moistened bread. Coat the sandwiches in frying batter, and fry a golden brown in plenty of hot fat. The sandwiches may be prepared overnight and re-heated in the morning. Ham or underdone slices of beef spread with a devil-paste made of butter, curry-paste, and mustard, may be made in the same way.

### *Game Pie*

FIRST of all prepare some stuffing. Pound ¼ lb. of any lean meat, game, or fowl till smooth; add by degrees 2 oz. of butter, 2 eggs, ¼ pint Béchamel sauce, cold; season. Stew the bones with celery, carrots, and onions till all the goodness is extracted. When cold remove the fat, colour, and boil down to a glaze. Fry the boned game in a little butter, line a dish with layers of forcemeat and game alternately. Sprinkle all with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley, and some of the reduced stock; fill up within an inch of the top of the dish, pour the rest of the stock over it. Place in a stewpan of warm water and let simmer three hours. When it is completely cold cover with aspic.

### A Hunt Breakfast

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS SANDWICHES.

BACON SANDWICHES.

KIDNEYS AND SAUSAGES.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK.

GAME PIE.

SPICED BEEF.

COLD HAM.

TWO BRACE OF PHEASANTS.

TEA AND COFFEE.

CORDIALS: CHERRY BRANDY.

### *Spiced Beef*

TAKE about 8 lb. of silverside of beef, rub it over with ½ oz. of saltpetre, ½ oz. of bay salt; then rub it well with the following spices pounded: 1 oz. black pepper, 1 oz. allspice, ½ oz. ground ginger, ¼ oz. cloves, and half the quantity of mace. Rub the beef well, then add 3 oz. common salt and ¼ lb. Demerara sugar. Let the beef remain a fortnight in the pickle, turning it and rubbing it every day. Take it out and roll it tightly with broad tape. Place in an earthen casserole, cover it with ½ lb. chopped suet, and bake in a *gentle* oven four hours. Put a dish over it with a heavy weight on it, and cook ¾ lb. of fresh fat to eat with it.


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A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of six small and two carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot. Other complete dining room sets up to 750 guineas.

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SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 37s. 6d. each. Small size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, with loose feather cushion seats, 65s. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, from £4 17s. 6d. to 12 guineas. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, £3 15s. to 25 guineas.

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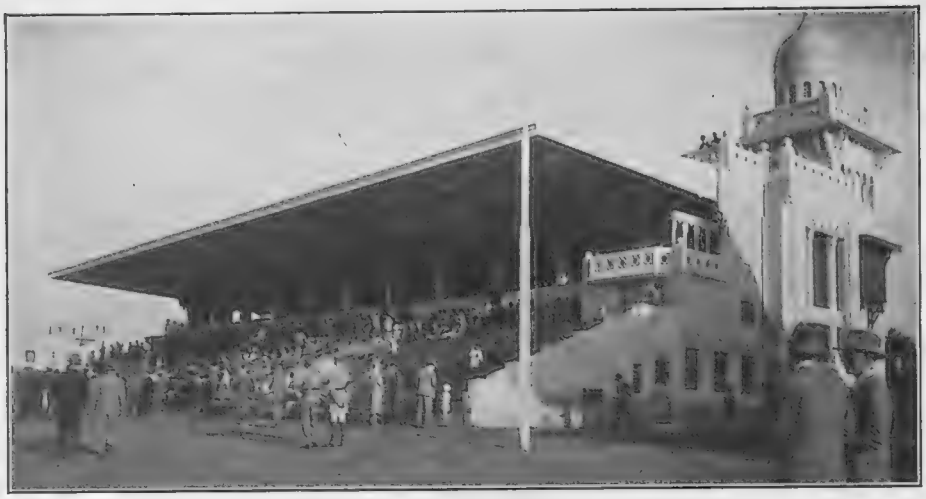
# The EDITOR'S BOX



*A photograph of the magnificent new grand stand at Heliopolis. Racegoers on holiday in Egypt will find this course very up to date, especially in its row of totalisator booths which have been erected near the weighing-in enclosure*

### *For Paris Visitors*

One of the most distinctive hotels in Paris is the "Chateau Frontenac," which is situated within a hundred metres of the Champs-Elysées, at the corner of the three streets, Pierre-Charron, François 1er, and de Cérisoles. Its suites and rooms are palatial, each with an adjoining private bath-room, telephone for local and long distance calls, and luminating indicators to replace the noisy service bells. The management of the "Chateau Frontenac" has spent more than ten million francs in interior transformations and decorations to offer its patrons every modern convenience. A world-renowned feature under the Chateau Frontenac is Charley's Bar, where the drinks are mixed by that well-known exponent of the art of shaking, "Charley"!

### *Ring Found after Three Years*

In 1925 a lady travelling on the L.N.E.R., between Newcastle and Edinburgh, dropped a valuable diamond ring on to the line side some twenty miles from Newcastle. At the time a search was made by permanent way staff in the vicinity, but the quest was abandoned as no trace of the ring could be found.

A few weeks ago a sub-ganger on the L.N.E.R. found a ring on the line side about the same place and reported the find. This recalled memories of the search of three years ago, and inquiries through the Lost Property Depot revealed that the ring was identical with that reported as having been lost in 1925. Much to the delight of the lady concerned the ring has been restored, and she has sent a handsome reward to the finder.

### *Removing Nicotine Stains*

A London chemist claims to have made a solvent that will soon be a recognised toilet preparation for the removal of nicotine and other stains. It is the result of fifteen years' experiment, and is claimed to leave the hand soft and velvety. The preparation is called "Nicotex," and it is said "takes-it-off"!

### *For the Garden*

Carter's seeds need no introduction, and their "garden and lawn" catalogue for 1929 is as attractive as ever in its promise of forthcoming spring and summer beauty. This year they have three special sweet pea novelties, Flaming June, Porcelain and Sweet Seventeen, which are illustrated in their natural colours in the catalogue. There is also a special section devoted to lawns. A copy of this catalogue will be sent free to BYSTANDER readers who apply to Carter's, at Raynes Park, S.W.20.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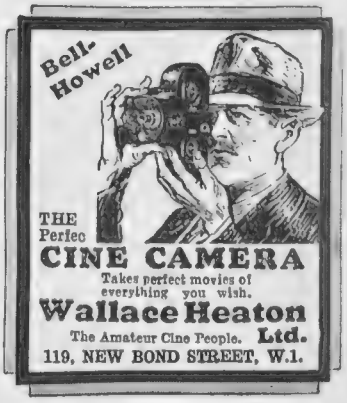

# SWAN & EDGAR

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## BEGINS MONDAY, FEB. 4th.

THE Annual White Sale at Swan & Edgar begins on Monday, February 4th. This event provides the opportunity of the year to make considerable savings in Household Merchandise. Every item in one of the largest collections of fine Linens in the country is genuinely reduced in price. Almost every department presents exceptional offers. Consignments of early Spring fashions are offered at very reduced figures, and Swan & Edgar's famous Lingerie, Corset and Woven Underwear sections offer sensational White Sale values.

An outstanding feature this year is the revival of the famous Swan & Edgar Pyjama Sale which, together with the White Sale, will provide the greatest February Shopping event in London.

L.3.—**DAINTY NIGHTGOWN** in Petalchene Artificial Silk material, effectively trimmed at top with fine ecru lace. In shades of White, Nil, Pink, Coral, Yellow, Mauve, Apricot or Sky.
**Sale price 12/-**

L.5.—**USEFUL TENNIS PETTICOAT** with Directoire Knickers to match. In good quality Spun Jap, neatly hemstitched Slip with inverted pleats at sides. Princess Slip.
**Sale price 7/11**
Knickers, 5/11

L.4.—**SLEEVELESS NIGHTGOWN** in Petalchene Artificial Silk material, neatly hemstitched at neck and armholes and finished in front with appliqués of contrasting colours. In pale shades of White, Pink, Nil, Coral, Sky, Yellow, Mauve or Apricot.
**Sale price 10/-**

L.11.—**CRÊPE DE CHINE NIGHTGOWN** with a dainty Net top, appliquéd with contrasting colours and finished at hem with narrow ecru net. In pale shades of Pink, Apricot, Nil, Lemon, Sky, White or Mauve.
**Sale Price 22/-**

L.12.—**THREE-PIECE GARMENT** in Artificial Silk Stockinette. Comprising dainty lace trimmed Princess Slip and Knicker attached. In Black, White, Nil, Sky, Pink, Peach, Lilac, Flesh, Sahara, Bois de Rose or Chartreuse.
**Sale price 5/-**

D.G.1.—**JAPANESE BROCHE SILK HAPPI COAT,** lined Silk throughout. In beautiful colourings and designs. In Red, Saxe, Royal, Green or Black.
**Sale price 35/-**

L.6.—**CHARMING FLOWERED VOILE NIGHTGOWN** in small floral design. Finished with tucked front and fine ecru lace. Fastened on shoulders with satin ribbons to tie. In designs of White, Pink, Yellow, Mauve, Peach or Nil.
**Sale price 10/-**

L.8.—**CHARMING CAMI-KNICKER** in flowered Voile, daintily edged and scalloped with ecru net. In designs of White, Pink, Yellow, Mauve, Peach or Nil.
**Sale price 7/11**

L.7.—**COLOURED OPALINE NIGHTGOWN** finished with appliqué and binds of contrasting colours. In Pink, Coral, Lemon, Sky, Nil, Mauve or Banana.
**Sale price 5/11**

*SWAN & EDGAR (1927) Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1. 'Phone: Regent 1616*

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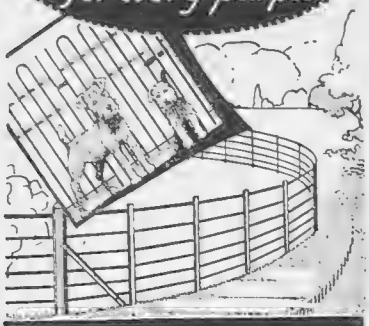

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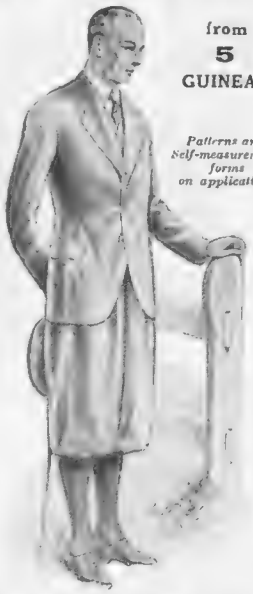

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*Formerly of 219, Oxford Street.*

# SWAN & EDGAR

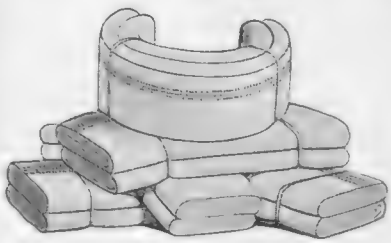
*Piccadilly Circus — The Hub of the World*

# *White Sale*

## BEGINS MONDAY, FEB. 4th

THE Annual White Sale at Swan & Edgar begins on Monday, February 4th. This event provides the opportunity of the year to make considerable savings in Household Merchandise. Every item in one of the largest collections of fine Linens in the country is genuinely reduced in price.

## ANNUAL CLEARANCE OF FINE LINENS



HEMSTITCHED SHEETS of Pure Linen, fine quality and well finished.

| For Single Beds. | White Sale Price. |
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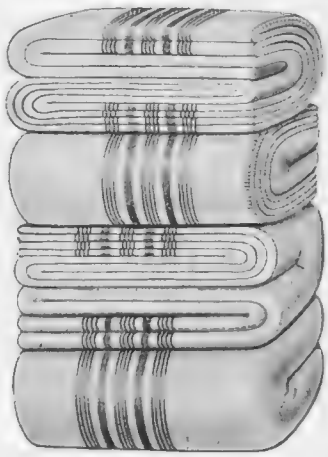
| 72×3 yds. | 29/6 pair. |
| 72×3¼ yds. | 35/- ,, |
| 72×3½ yds. | 42/- ,, |
| 72×3¾ yds. | 52/- ,, |
| **For Small Double Bed.** | |
| 80×3¼ yds. | 39/6, 63/- pair |
| **Full Double Bed.** | |
| 90×3¼ yds. | 33/6, 39/6, 45/-, 52/6, 72/6 pair. |
| 100×3¾ yds. | 55/- ,, |

## SPECIAL VALUES in ALL WOOL BLANKETS



ALL WOOL BLANKETS, thoroughly recommended.

| Size about | White Sale Price. |
|---|---|
| 54×74 in. | 18/6 pair. |
| 60×80 in. | 23/6 ,, |
| 63×83 in. | 27/6 ,, |
| 72×92 in. | 35/6 ,, |
| 82×102 in. | 42/- ,, |

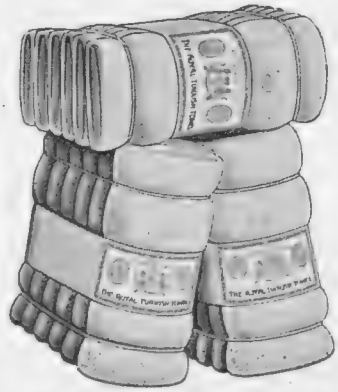
Finer qualities.

| Size about | |
|---|---|
| 63×83 in. | 27/9, 32/6, 37/6 pair. |
| 72×92 in. | 37/6, 45/- ,, |
| 80×100 in. | 45/-, 53/-, 57/6 ,, |

Super fine. All White-bound Satin.

| Size about | |
|---|---|
| 63×83 in. | 42/6 pair. |
| 72×92 in. | 55/- ,, |
| 82×102 in. | 75/- ,, |

## SALE OF CHRISTY'S FAMOUS TOWELS



CHRISTY'S FAMOUS BATH TOWELS, greatly reduced.

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| 21×48 in. | 2/- each. |
| 24×48 in. | 2/6 ,, |
| 27×52 in. | 3/3 ,, |
| 30×58 in. | 3/9 ,, |
| **Super quality.** | |
| 25×52 in. | 3/9 each. |
| 30×52 in. | 4/9 ,, |
| 32×56 in. | 5/3 ,, |
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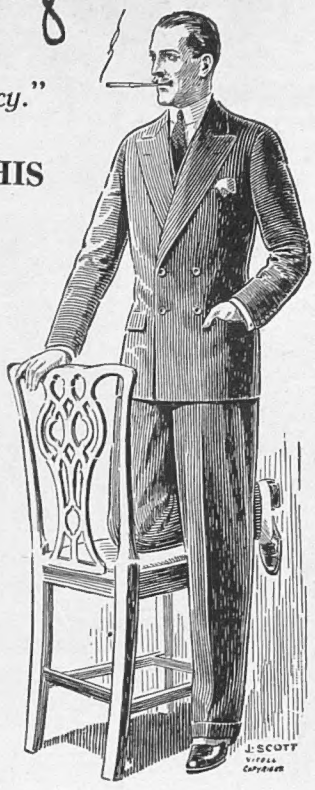

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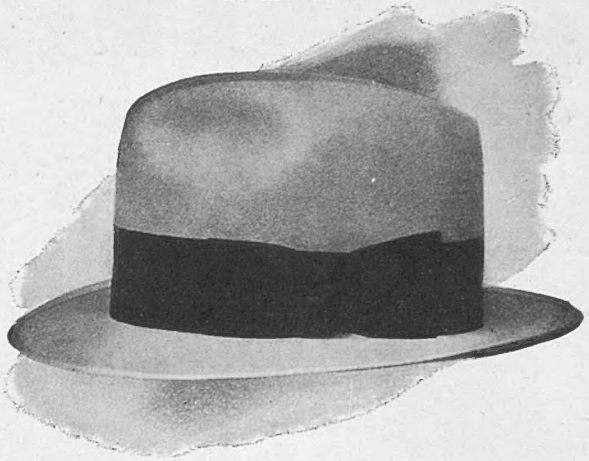

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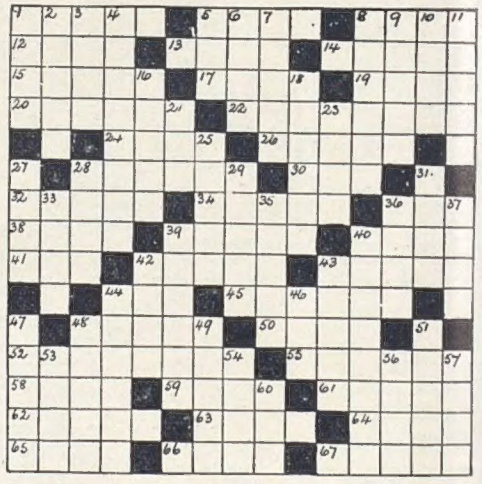
Additional copies of this entry form can be obtained from your chemist or direct from "Dickens Application Form," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Sunday Chronicle," April 14, 1929, and "Daily Mail," April 15, 1929.



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Mr. Tupman's first name. 5. Town visited by Pickwickians; and a place for C.T. Soap. 8. Mint, Sage, for example. 12. Every one, singly. 13. Mr. Dombey welcomed the arrival of a male one. 14. Antagonist. 15. Cornstalk. 17. Gather 19. Bestow. 20. Scattered with seed. 22. Friend of D. Copperfield, at school and later. 24. Tell a secret. 26. Pigs' homes. 28. Jacob's was a dream one. 30. Number. 32. Use C.T. Shaving Soap on these. 34. Household gods. 36. —— Sawyer as a medical student would advocate cleanliness (P.P.). 38. "The Saracen's ——" (N. Nickleby) needed no shampoo. 39. Benjamin ——. Another medical student (P.P.). 40. Attorney (P. Papers). 41. Ever in poetry. 42. Snares. 43. Roof cover. 44. Order. 45. Alias Handford, alias Rokesmith (O. M. Friend). 48. Companion of "The Artful Dodger." 50. Row. 52. Mr. Dombey thought little of her. 55. — Doyce, engineer and inventor (L. Dorrit). 58. Young deer. 59. Rent. 61. Crest of roof. 62. Eastern Ruler. 63. The boy who arrived in 13 Across. 64. Observed. 65. Bob Sawyer's street in the borough where C.T. Soap is made. 66. Dickens is among novelists, what Wright's is among Coal Tar Soap. 67. Map.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Tragic heroine of Thomas Hardy. 2. Scolds. 3. Four roods. 4. A fat, greasy, hypocritical Reverend in Bleak House. 5. Messrs. Dodson & Fogg were members. 6. Aid. 7. Children do not shed them when Coal Tar Soap is used. 8. Mrs. Betty —— kept a mangle and minded children (O.M.F.). 9. Wrongs. 10. Talk wildly. 11. Wish happiness to. 16. Unites. 18. Clog with raised sole. 21. Sam Weller might have called Tony this. 23. Ceases to live. 25. Miss Wilfer (O.M.F.). 27. Continued pain. 28. You cannot believe such a person. 29. Uncle of Nicholas Nickleby. 31. Fastening. 33. A 'umble rascal who washed with invisible soap. 35. Sat down again. 36. Jack climbed up the stalk of one. 37. What the wind did. 39. Zealous. 40. Plasterer in "Little Dorritt," lived near C.T. Soap headquarters. 42. Lord Decimus —— Barnacle; very well named (L. Dorrit). 43. When children do this to faces, use C.T. Soap. 44. Where Oliver Twist first met the Artful Dodger. 46. Disencumber. 47. Refuse. 48. Wrote "The Viper of Milan." 49. Range. 51. Line in music. 53. Tibetan priest. 54. Ages. 56. Thought. 57. A six-week season. 60. Fruit.

*In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.*

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD .....

BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN .....

BLOCK LETTERS .....

*Be sure to mark your envelope "Dickens Crossword."*

Streets 17.

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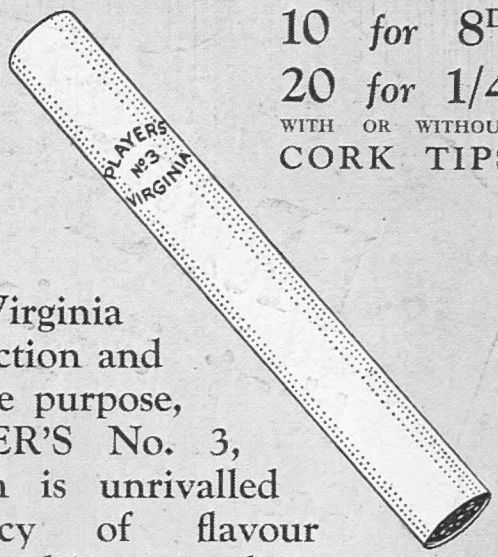


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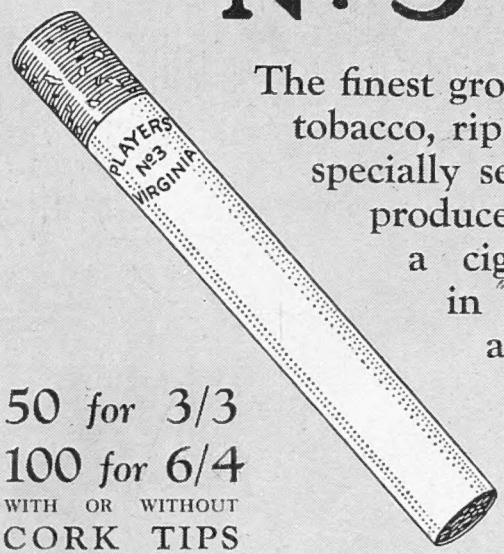


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